

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

In Two Volumes.

By Mr. JOSEPH MITCHELL.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARMEN NOORTHOUCK, at *Cicero's*
Head, over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the
Strand. M.DCC.XXXII.

P O E M

ON

Several Occasions

In Two Volumes.

By Mr. Joseph Mitchell.

VOL. II.

9 4

131



Printed for H. K. Newman, at the
Head, over the Church in the
Square, St. Paul's Churchyard.

TO THE
NOBLE and RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the *Garter*, &c.

This VOLUME is Dedicated,

As a lasting Monument

OF

Esteem, Gratitude, and Submission;

BY

His Honour's most Obliged

and most Obedient

Humble Servant,

MITCHELL.

TO THE

Honorable Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT WALLPOLÉ

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter &c.

His House in London

As a further Honour

of

His Majesty's and Submissions

BY

His Majesty's most Obedient

and most Obedient

Humble Servant

MICHAEL

THE
S I N E - C U R E :

A POETICAL
P E T I T I O N

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

F O R

The Government of *Duck-Island*, in
St. JAMES'S Park.

— *Nobis hæc otia fecit.*

V I R G.



First Printed *Anno Domini* M. DCC. XXIV.

THE
S W E - C U R E

A. POLITICAL

P E T I T I O N

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

F O R

The Government of Buck-Island, in
St. James's Park.

Nobis hoc est fecit.

VIRG.



The Printed and Sold by M. DCC. XLV.



Congratulatory VERSES


To His Excellency

JOSEPH MITCHELL, Esq;

On a REPORT of his being prefer'd to the
Government of DUCK-ISLAND, in
St. James's Park.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus - - -*

HOR.

HEN to my Ears the joyful Tidings
[came,
That MITCHELL, Son of PHOEBUS,
[and of Fame!
Was rais'd, by WALPOLE's most auspi-
[cious Smile,
To sway the Sceptre of St. JAMES's Isle,
Unusual Raptures in my Bosom sprung,
Beam'd in my Eyes, and trickled from my Tongue :

B

Nor

Nor ceas'd the social Sharers of the News,
T'extol the *Patron* and to hail the *Muse*.

Cou'd sage ST. EVREMOND's immortal Shade
Know who his honour'd *Successor* is made,

In Realms of Death, he'd raise a tuneful Voice,
And kindred *Bards*, in Concert, wou'd rejoice.

Methinks, I hear the Burden of their Song - - -
"All Praise to WALPOLE! may he prosper long!

"MITCHELL the great ST. EVREMOND succeeds,

"And *Ducks* and *Geese*, with like Discretion, feeds.

Yet tho' thy Shoulders were by Nature meant,
To bear the mighty Load of *Government*,
Wear not away the Springs of Life too fast,
Nor, with unwonted Toils, thy Spirits waste:
Appoint some Swain thy Regions to o'er-see,
A *Vicar-general*, or a *Deputy*,
And oh! that mine the happy *Post* might be!

But

to J. MITCHELL, *Esq*; 3

But if the *Trust*, or *Profit*, seem too great,
Make me your *Chaplain*, or your *Laureat*.

'Tis done - - - And, now, my Muse, unbounded,
Thro' twining Thickets, and embow'ring Groves;
On ev'ry mossy Bank with Rapture dwells,
And to each Tree the joyful News reveals;
Joins the loud Choirs that to the Groves resort,
Or *Tench* and *Carp*, that in the Waters sport.

A *Libyan* sage, once, in his dark Abode,
'Taught *Jays* and *Magpies* to proclaim him God:
Then to the Woods dispatch'd the chattering Crew,
Who spread his Godship's Name, where'er they flew.
The People listen'd, wonder'd, and ador'd,
And *μῆγας Θεος ὡάρον* was the Word.

But leaving Heathen *Greek*, and Heathen *Stories*,
Let's now survey the happy State before us:

4 Congratulatory VERSES, &c.

Where ev'ry free-born Subject still enjoys
His *Liberty*, and *Property*, of *Noise*:
Where none *oppress'd*, in vain, for Justice calls;
No secret *Treason* broods within your Walls:
No cursed *Bribery* corrupts the Chair,
No *Duns*, no *Catch-poles*, ever enter there.
No *Cart*, no *Coach*, no *Chimney-sweeper*, seen,
To break your Rest, or edge you off the Green.
Your Laws are just; your *Ducks* at Pleasure stray
From Pool to Pool, with Chearfulness obey,
And *whake* your Praise aloud, as well as they may.
For you, your *Geese* their grateful Notes employ,
Nod their grave Heads, and *gabble* forth their Joy.

J. ROOKE.




THE



THE
SINE-CURE:

A
POETICAL PETITION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

EARIED with *vain* Pursuits, and
[*bumble grown,*
Sad in the Country, and too *poor* for
[Town,
O how long, in some soft, silent, Seat,
To taste calm Quiet, in serene Retreat;
Where Books, and Ease, and Time for serious
[Thought,
May make Wit *Wisdom* ere I'm good for nought!

6 P O E M S

WALPOLE, to thee, the Muse, afflicted, flies,
And, from the Deep, like Shipwreck'd JONAH, cries.
Thou! the Right-hand of Fortune! form'd to give!
Let me not *die*, before I've learn'd to *live*.

I, not for lordly Post, or Pension, plead,
(Scarce can a Hope, so *modest*, not succeed.)
St. JAMES'S *Wilderness*, the *Park's* fair *Isle*,
Wou'd crown my Wish, and Care's long Hand
On that delightful, and sequester'd, spot, [beguile.
Fitted for me, as *Zoar* was for LOT!
I'd full Content and Satisfaction find,
And cultivate the Garden of my Mind.
There, like * ST. EVREMOND, I'd grow a *Sage*,
And War with Nonsense, Vice, and Folly wage:

* *Monsieur de St. EVREMOND* was prefer'd to the Government of Duck-
Island by King CHARLES II. and had a considerable yearly Pension allow'd
him.

There,

There, cabin'd safe, in Solitude and Peace,
Think who's at *Helm*, nor fear the Storm's Increase.

What princely Pleasure, in that envied Scene,
To hold high Empire o'er the peopled Green!
Each rosy Morn the rising *Sun* to wait,
And walk, with him, around my *Orb*, in State!
My subject *Ducks* shou'd watch my gracious Will,
And passive *Geese* bequeath me ev'ry Quill.
To each, in order, traversing my Land,
I'd tofs due Blessings, with impartial Hand.
Birds shou'd by Love, and *Beasts* by Fear obey;
But all pay Homage in th' Imperial Way.
Yet no tyrannick Pow'r shou'd pinch their *Right*,
Nor bold *Rebellion* wing their Wills for *Flight*.

Still I'd adorn my *State* with something new, }
Prune its wild *Prospects*, and enlarge its *View* ;
Mazes of knotty *Politicks* invent,
And, in each *open Quarter*, plant *Content*.
Then, when dispos'd for solitary Thought,
Inspir'd by *Leisure*, and by *Duty* taught,
I'd run thro' *Nature*, and the *Causés* find,
Which lift some single *Souls* above *Mankind* ;
Which, thro' descending *Ages*, lengthen *Fame*,
And mark a *TULLY's*, or a *WALPOLE's* Name.

Kindling, at this, to a sublimer *Fire*,
My grateful *Heart* might teach me to aspire ;
Smit with my *Country's* Love, might *Truth* pursue,
And charm an unborn *Race*, by painting *You*.

on several Occasions.

9

Exhaustless Store my subject *Isle* contains,
For apt Allusions to adorn my Strains.
In narrow Compass, what not *there* compriz'd?
BRITANNIA'S Sea-girt Land epitomiz'd!
From crowded Scenes of great AUGUSTA rent,
As our blest Kingdom from the *Continent*!
A Colony of feather'd People! where
(If we, with great, may smaller Things compare)
I, like a *Bishop*, wou'd o'ersee my *Cure*,
Or govern, like a *King*, in Miniature!

When my few Friends to visit me shou'd please,
How sweet to walk betwixt embow'ring Trees!
Or, soft-reclining in a short Repose,
Pluck the surrounding Fruitage as it grows!
I, to these Friends, instructive---but not vain,
Wou'd, like St. JOHN in *Patmos*, Truth explain;

Teach

Teach them, that Happiness in Silence reigns,
And builds her bow'ry Seats, on peaceful Plains;
While they tell News of Mischiefs hourly known,
And every Word, they speak, confirms my own.

But should my *Patron* deign to leave the *Court*,
And humbly to my *Hermitage* resort,
Ambitious, I *myself* wou'd waft him o'er,
And hail his Presence on my happy Shore.
There might he, safe, unbend his active Mind,
Or form, perhaps, some Scheme to bless Mankind.
Then wou'd the golden Age be mine again,
And CHARLES's shou'd be lost in GEORGE's Reign.

How pleas'd is Fancy ! how do Dreams delight ?
And ah ! what pity mine shou'd prove a *Bite* !

Hear

on several Occasions.

II

Hear me, thou ATLAS of our *leaning* STATE,—

Consent, at least, to make one *Poet* great :

On thee, the MUSES then shall fix their Eye,

And, for thy Glory, whole PARNASSUS vie.

To guard our Hopes has been the Hero's Pride!

'Tis good to have the *Poets* on *thy Side*.

I, for return, will yearly Homage pay,

And hail the Rising of thy natal Day.

Nor only this,---but, now and then, afford

A *Fish*, or *Fowl*, to dignify thy Board.

'Tis done!---I hear the happy Mandate giv'n,---

“ Let MITCHELL have his poor poetic Heav'n,

“ And, to support his Government, we grant

“ Twice fifty Pounds *per Annum*---All I want!

Boy, fill the Bowl ;---'tis decent to be glad ;---

HOMER, on less Occasion, had run mad.

J. M.

Hear me, the Atlas of our leaning State—
 Content, at least, to make one vast great
 On thee, the Muse, then flourish their lyre,
 And, for thy glory, whose banner waves
 To guard our slopes has been the Hero's shield!
 'Tis good to have the Muse on thy side,
 I, for return, will yearly Homage pay,
 And hail the Rising of thy natal Day.
 Not only this—oh, now and then, afford
 A lip, or hand, to dignify thy board.
 'Tis done!—I have thy banquet given—
 "I at least will have his poet's feast,"
 "And, to support his Government, we grant
 "Twice fifty pounds for his maintenance!"
 Hail, then the Lord of the banquet be glad—
 Hail, on this Occasion, be thou mad.



THE
EQUIVALENT:

A SECOND
POETICAL PETITION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;



IFE of your Country's Hopes! the

Bard, whose Strain

Aspiring, late, to Power, aspir'd in

vain,

Unshock'd by hapless Disappointments past,

Renews his Pray'r, and hopes you'll *hear* at last.

Now,
†

14 P O E M S

Now, not for Government of *Ducks* he sues,---

A muddy Province ! and below the Muse !

Poets are born for *Feeders* of Mankind,

And *Place* is best, proportion'd to the Mind.

Wisely *you* knew it, and but made me wait

For fitter Fortune, in a nobler State;

Whence some well-judg'd *Equivalent* might rise,

And *Wit* find Favour in a great *Man's* Eyes !

The Stars are kind ; --- Behold a vacant Place !

And Fortune smiles; ev'n in a *Poet's* Face !

Pow'r, Honour, Business, Profit, all agree

To make (strange Chance!) a noted Man of *me* !

Nothing to wish, but his *prolifick* Word,

Whose *Pleasure* can - - - what can it *not* afford ?

And

And now, the Patron's Meaning Smile enquires
What wish'd Equivalent his Bard desires.

"Give me its Name and Quality, (he says,)"

"If I approve, you're made for all your Days."

With grateful Rev'rence, and a gladden'd Heart,
Thus I --- "O WALPOLE! Theme of Poet's Art!"

"If e'er my Muse thy list'ning Ear cou'd pierce, A

"Make me a First great Minister of Verse.

"Important Sound, to call Ambition forth!

"Hail to the Poet-Laureat of the North.

Nor, * EUSDEN, tho' thy Brother Sov'reign
Mean I thy peaceful Regions to invade,

Conscious, alas! that all thy Toils are vain,

On English Ground, at once to please and reign."

* The Name of the present Laureat of England.

BERWICK ON TWEED thy *Ne plus ultra* stands!

Thy Name, unknown, in Caledonian Lands!

Mine, far and wide, has warm'd a frozen Clime!

Remotest THULE celebrates my Rhyme!

ORKNEY and ZETLAND my Applauses found!

And I'm among the HEBRIDES renown'd!

Where is the Highland Hill, or Lowland Tree,

That bears no grateful Characters of me?

All read, with Wonder, my unrival'd Lays,

And know no Head-piece, worthier of the Bays.

Ev'n * PENNICUICK, and RAMSAY, own my Claim!

'Tis past Dispute, when once confess'd by them.

Nor would I take the Laureat's Hire for nought--

A Sine-Cure indulges want of Thought.

* The Names of Two rival Verse-makers, now living in Scotland.

I wou'd, in *Poetry*, a *Pastor* prove,
 And guide my tuneful *Flock* to WALPOLE'S Love:
 Charm'd by his Worth, their Looks shall all grow
 [gay,
 And sullen Faction smile Despair away.

O cou'd my *Patron* search my labouring Brain!
 What *Hopes*, what *Schemes*, my busy Thoughts
 [contain!
 What *Politicks*, in *Poetry*, I've found!
 What *Projects*, to make *Him*, and *Me*, renown'd!
 Soon wou'd he stamp his *Fiat* on my Lays,
 And soon prefer his MITCHELL to the Bays.

Hark! He approves; — “ Give *North* and
 [South their Due;
 “ The laurell'd SCOTS should have their Laureat
 [too!
 “ Inflam'd amidst hereditary Snows,
 “ In their brave Bosoms, Love of Glory glows!

18 P O E M S

“ Unchill'd by wintry Bleaks, their Spirits blaze,

“ And *Arts* and *Sciences* proclaim their Praise.

To Triumphe ! To Pæans sing !

Let the glad News to great EDINA ring !

Behold, my Friends, behold a *Tun* of Wine—

(An annual Income for the *Northern Nine* !)

Twice Fifty Pounds !—Now, greet my State with

Let GEORGE and WALPOLE, rise o'er modern [Odes :

To GEORGE, to WALPOLE, consecrate your Lays: [Gods.

But *mine* be all your *Hailings*, and the *Bays*.

Already, lo ! I see a crowded *Hall* !

A frequent Congregation ! *Poets* all !

Behold ! I mount, *inspir'd*, my sacred Throne !

Hear ! I declaim, with an *enchanting Tone* !

Blackmen,

Hicemen, themselves, begin to think me Good,
 And, now, *repent* they were so *blindly* rude!
 Fain to their *Fold* they'd bring the *banish'd* Sheep!
 Fain, to themselves, the *Poet-Laureat* keep!
 Free * *Testimonials*, proffer'd, come at last;
 With large Indulgence for Offences past:
 But, heedless, I my proper Province mind,
 And leave the *Cripple* to conduct the *Blind*.
 Intent to polish and refine the Young,
 I rack Invention, and new-tune my Tongue.
 Heav'ns! how I lecture! ('tis a *Laureat's* Part)
 Like ARISTOTLE, on poetick Art.
 § HORACE, and VIDA, BOILEAU, BUCKINGHAM,
 Are *Harbingers* to my exalted Name:

* The Presbytery of Edinburgh refus'd the Author (who had studied Divinity) free Testimonials, because he had read Plays, and would not acknowledge the Use of them to be simply, and absolutely unlawful.

§ Authors who have severally written Arts of Poetry fit to be lectur'd on.

Their various Institutions I'd make known,
And add a thousand Beauties of my own.

Yet let me no *scholastick* Jargon use ;
Pedantick Methods are below the Muse.
I'd train my tuneful Sons a *nobler* Way,
And, in *one* View, poetick Art display.
The *living Bards* shou'd teach them what to *shun* !
The *Dead*, how they immortal Garlands won !

Thus I'd declaim ;--- “ My Sons, consider well
“ Your *Laureat's* Dictates, as ye hope to excell.
“ * Think not, by *writing much*, t'establish Fame,
“ Like B---e, whom *Damnation* cannot tame ;

* N. B. The Author design'd this, and the following Paragraph as a Contrast : Like Light and Shade, the one sets off the other with Advantage. That which points out the peculiar Beauties and Excellencies of the Dead, would give little Offence, even tho' the Characters were unjust. But this, wherein the Faults and Foibles of the Living are represented, however justly, may be misconstrued by narrow Minds. Therefore, the Author hereby declares to all, whom it concerneth, that he has no personal Pique at any one, and cannot be at War with all the Fraternity ; besides, he has nam'd none whom he does not esteem ; and omitted few, whom he thought worth naming.

“ Nor

- “ Nor seek, by *Spleen* or *Spite*, Success to find,
 “ Like *D---s*, *Scourge* and *Scorn* of all Mankind.
 “ Avoid, as you’d be guarded from a Pest,
 “ *V---b’s* *Mechanicks*, *C---e’s* *bawdy Jest*,
 “ *T---p’s* *priestly Rage*, and *H---’s* *party Zeal*;
 “ Nor *sleep*, like *J---n*; nor, like *C---r*, *steal*.
 “ Save you, good Heav’n! from *S---t’s* *unhallow’d*
 “ From *P---e’s* *Resentment*, and from *H---ll’s* ^{[Vein,}
 “ *W---d’s* *Self-flatt’ry*, *T---g’s* *unmeaning Rant*; ^{[Disdain,}
 “ *T---d’s* *low Farce*, and *W---s’* *eternal Cant*.
 “ Never, like *P---s*, *think hard Labour Wit*;
 “ Nor own, like *S---e*, *what abler Authors writ*;
 “ Like *S---n*, *Farce with Tragedy confound*;
 “ Like *F---n* with forc’d *Similies* abound;
 “ Like *G---e*, or like *T---l*, *sing no more*,
 “ To make Men doubt if e’er you sung before;

" Like *W---n*, *J---b*, *M---e*, and *F---d*, disperse

" *Lampoon* and *Lewdness*, jumbled into Verse.

" O let no Son of mine be deem'd, in Town,

" *Coxcomb*, like *B---l*; or, like *G---y*, a *Clown*;

" *Punster*, like *A---t*; or, like *B---d*, a *Sot*,

" A *Tool*, like *S---ll*; or, like *S---e*, nought,

" But wou'd you shine? With due Attention

" And imitate the *Beauties* of the *Dead*. [read,

" Let HOMER lend you *Majesty* and *Fire*,

" And VIRGIL with *judicious Rage* inspire:

" Let HORACE gay *Variety* impart,

" And OVID's *Softness* humanize the Heart.

" Nor pass the *English* Excellencies by---

" Heav'ns! what bright *Beauties* in their Rem-

" How rare t'impropriae CHAUCER's *cheerful Vein*, [nants lie!

" SPENCER's *rich Fancy*, SHAKESPEAR's *nervous*

" [Strain,
" MILTON's

- " MILTON's *sublime*, and COWLEY's *glitt'ring Wit*,
" With all that DENHAM *thought*, or WALLER
[*writ*?
" How great the *Bard*! his Labour how divine!
" Where JOHNSON's *Depth*, with DRYDEN's Num-
[bers join?
" Where BUTLER's *Humour*, and ROSCOMMON's
[Taste,
" ETHERIDGE's *Manners*, PRIOR's *courtly Jest*,
" ROWE's *Flow of Words*, and ADDISON's *good Fate*,
" Conspire to make *one* Character compleat!
" *Their* various Virtues, blended in *your* Lays,
" Wou'd stamp Distinction, and perpetuate Praise.

Blest Sermon! Hail to the ingenious Throng,
That, list'ning, learn Perfection from my Song,
Cherish'd beneath my most auspicious Wing;
The *Scotian* Youth, like honour'd *Ancients*, sing!
See! ravish'd Crowds, with Rev'rence gather round,
Admire the Doctrine, and devour the Sound.

Disputes to my Decision are referr'd,

And what, like *ipse dixit*, is rever'd?

“ My Friends (I cry) my *purpos'd Task* to aid,

“ Be all your Heads, with mine, together, laid :

“ What must his *Learning*, what his Genius, be,

“ Who sings a WALPOLE, as he's known to me ?

“ To touch a Theme, so nobly warm, aright,

“ Greece, Rome, and Britain, shou'd their Pow'rs
[unite,

'Tis said ; — But lo ! from far, amidst the

[Crowd,
A *thinking Bard* replies, serenely loud,

“ Well has our Laureat MITCHELL sought our Aid :

“ The *ablest*, in *such Tasks*, are *most* afraid !

“ But, as *Resolves*, so *weighty*, ask some *Time*,

“ And *Reason* still shou'd be preferr'd to *Rhyme*,

“ I *humbly move*,—that we *postpone* his Suit,

“ 'Till his *chymeric Pow'r* grows *absolute*.



THE
PROMOTION:

A THIRD

POETICAL PETITION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

FOR

The Office and Importance of SECRETARY of
STATE for SCOTLAND.

*Sume Superbiam
Quasitam Meritis.
Levis hac Insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat.*

HOR.
lb.



WICE has the MUSE to WALPOLE
[told my Case,
And twice petition'd for some puny
[Place;
But He, wise Statesman! weighing
[my Desert,
By meaning Silence, more inflames my Heart.

Mitchell was born (methinks his Smiles import)

For HONOURS, and for OFFICES, at COURT!

So

26 P O E M S

So prophesied my Grandame at my Birth,
When Signs and Wonders usher'd me to Earth.

Then forward let my favour'd Genius move,
I but obey what was decreed Above.

If ought indecent from my Fingers fly,
Prevailing *Fate* is more in Fault, than I.

POETS are influenc'd by celestial Pow'rs ;
'Tis *theirs* to dictate, and to write is *ours*.

Resistance, when the Spirit moves, were vain ;
Ev'n now, I feel it working in my Brain ;
Like SECRETS, in a *Woman's* Bosom pent,
It frets and rumbles, 'till it finds a Vent.

Yet, howsoe'er inspir'd, *Hibernian* Brads,
Dear, *cath'lick*, Virtue ! make my Labour pass :

Thy

Thy friendly Aid is needful, to promote
The proper Means t'attain my destin'd Lot,
And make me stand confess'd a Man of Note.

Thus qualify'd, the bashful MUSE grows bold,
And grasps at Glory, Government, and Gold.
Unblushing, now I claim the Royal Grace,
And ask (strange Flight!) a SECRETARY'S Place!
'Tis fit there be, at least, One BARD of STATE---
Who knows but mine may prove the lucky Fate?
It suits my Soul---and, were I but preferr'd,
What Man of Verse would *then* be more rever'd?
I'd cut a Figure, so extremely new,
The World, with Wonder, would my Conduct
[view!
Yet never wou'd forget I walk'd on Foot---
I'd be important; but I wou'd not strut.

Mortals (whose Taste 'twere criminal to hit!
 By Nature curst with the wrong Side of Wit!)
 Will shake their Pates, and damn my daring Aim,
 Or, sneering, shew Propensity to blame;
Mitchell aspire to Government! (they'll cry)
 A POET fit for Offices so high!
 Forgetful, that *Mæcenas* was a BARD,
 And *Hallifax's* MUSE had this Reward;
 That Verse rais'd *Sylvius* to the triple Crown,
 And *Buchanan* to Places and Renown;
 Distinguish'd *Prior* from the common Crowd,
 And Pow'r and Praise on *Addison* bestow'd.
 But I, tho' bold the new Demand may seem,
 Appeal to *WALPOLE's* Judgment and Esteem;
 To *Him*, great ARBITER of Truth and Wit!
 To *Him* and REASON! I the Cause submit.

Say,

Say, is the Soul, inspir'd with Heav'nly Rage,

In State Affairs unable to engage?

Are Arts, and Laws, and Politicks, unknown

To tuneful Sons of *Helicon* alone?

Say, if the greatest Difficulty lies,

In painting Nature, or chastising Vice?

If, to crown Virtue, to preserve the Peace,

To quell Sedition, and our Wealth encrease,

More great, laborious, and important, be,

Than to write Verse, like *Milton*, or like *me*?

Did * *Phalaris* receive a weak Reply?

Or had § *Stesichorus* more Worth than I?

And

* *Phalaris*, Tyrant of *Agrigentum*, in an Epistle to *Stesichorus*, the Poet, says, "But, for Heaven's Sake, tell me, what made you, who are a Poet, forsake the quiet and sedate Course of Life, which that Art affords, to throw your self into the tumultuous State of a busy Patriot, when you might have enjoy'd that pleasing Ease the *Muses* delight in, unforc'd? Now, since your Ambition has transported you from a Poet to a Statesman, you must no longer expect the Rewards of a Poet, but of a pretending Medler in Government, who aims at Things above his Capacity. Farewell." *Select Letters of the Ancients*.

§ *Stesichorus*, the Poet, in his Answer to *Phalaris's* Epistle, says, "I wonder at your odd Notion, that because I am a Poet, I should

"not

Hail POESIE ! Inspirer of the Mind !

Thou art the Test, and Glory, of Mankind !

From Thee, all mortal Acts receive a Grace !

Thy Sons are born prepar'd for any Place !

By Intuition, every Thing they know—

But Men of Prose, however sure, are slow !

By lazy Labour, *These* acquire a Name :

But *Those*, like Eagles, tow'r, at once to Fame !

“ not aim at State Affairs ; for do you think He, that has Capacity
 “ to write as a Poet, should find any Difficulty in administring the
 “ the Affairs of the Common-Wealth ? The Difficulty of that is not
 “ so great : 'Tis only made so by *Knaves* of a private Spirit, who
 “ contrive and interweave their own Interests with that of the Go-
 “ vernment. The Administration of *Justice*, the Execution of the
 “ *Laws*, punishing of *Vice*, rewarding *Virtue*, disciplining the *People*,
 “ securing *Trade*, encouraging *Arts*, providing for *Publick Security*,
 “ and the like, are Things perhaps none are so fit for as a Poet ; for
 “ he is not bias'd by private Gain to Partiality ; he regards his own
 “ Interest last ; and knows, that while the Publick's in Danger, no-
 “ thing private can be secure. A Poet loves the publick Good, and
 “ publick Liberty above all private Advantages ; for he can never en-
 “ joy that pleasing and sacred Rest, you speak of, under a *despotic* Go-
 “ vernment, where nothing is secure the Tyrant dislikes ; where all
 “ Words are liable to be punish'd ; and, where Liberty of Acting and
 “ Words are restrain'd, there can be no Room for any generous Art.
 “ Farewell.

Yet,

Yet, O ye Witlings, an egregious Throng!
 Who think there's mighty Merit, in a Song;
 That, if ye can but versify with Ease,
 And tag dull Prose with Rhime, you've Right to
 Or, labouring hard, perhaps a Piece produce, ^{[please;}
 Which *Rooke* might call a Copy of the MUSE;
 Avaunt—nor, vainly, think the Honours, due
 To genuine POETS, are design'd for you.
 Say, are your Souls impress'd with Stamp divine?
 On every Subject, can ye nobly shine?
 From barren Fields, make beauteous Flow'rs arise?
 And, in poor Soils, display a Paradise?
 Can ye, in Garrets, scorn the Vulgar Great?
 And, when ye want a Groat, outbrave your Fate?
 Dare ye, divinely, injur'd *Truth* assert?
 And sooth the Sorrows of the Sufferer's Heart?

With

With Zeal impartial, proud Ambition fling ?
And clouded Charms of tatter'd Virtue sing ?
Ah ! meanly Soul'd, in vain ye court the *Bays*---
In vain aspire to ancient P O E T S Praise ---
As well might Fops, or Clowns, pretend to teach
Hoadly, and *Clark*; and *Waterland* to preach;
Correct great *Newton*; *Law*, in Figures, match;
And rival *Peterborough's* quick Dispatch;
Do Good, like *Chandos*; or, like *Dorset*, grace
A Court with Virtues, worthy of his Race;
Like *Stair*, be modest---yet, in Arts of State,
Like him, accomplish'd, and divinely Great;
Direct the Senate with a *Compton's* Skill;
The Judgment Seat, like *King*, with Honour, fill;
Th' *ACHILLES* of the War, like *Greenwich*, move;
Or th' *Atlas* of the State, like *WALPOLE*, prove.

How

How few, who deal in Metre, were design'd
For Offices of Pow'r, in any Kind?
How few cut out for Government appear?
An universal GENIUS is so rare!
But, as no *Rules* without *Exceptions* be,
Behold an Instance of the Thing, in Me!

It is confess'd——The ablest UMPIRE stands,
Well satisfy'd, that Trust, in *Mitchell's* Hands,
Wou'd be discharg'd, with an impartial Zeal,
For *GEORGE's* Glory, and *BRITANNIA's* Weal.
He knows his honest Poet would disdain
To make the publick Loss a private Gain;
To head a Faction, or encourage Strife,
To prove a Cypher, or a Sot in Life;

To loll supine, like *lazy Lords* ; be dull,
 Yet of himself superlatively full.
Mitchell, divinely fir'd, has nobler Views,
 Seeks sacred *Truth*, and Equity pursues,
 The publick Good prefers above his own,
 And covets Grandeur less, than fair Renown.

Heav'n too approves---For, lo ! a vacant Place---
 And who more proper to succeed his *Grace* ?
 SCOTIA demands a SECRETARY still---
 To sink the Office might be taken ill.
 A *Name*, a *Shadow*, tho' there were no more,
 Is requisite to gloss the Matter o'er.
 Is it a SINE-CURE ? 'Tis shap'd for me !
 And, if 'tis Business, I'd not idle be.
 Let me but try---and, if I misbehaye,
 I'll ne'er One Shilling of the Salary crave.

Dubb me no Knight, or *Blue*, or *Green*, or *Red*,
 But, in the Tow'r, confine me, 'till I'm dead,
 With Pen, Ink, Paper, Water, Light, and Bread.

Ne'er had Man's Fancy more Delight in Dreams,
 Than mine receives from high and mighty Schemes.
 How I'd reform and civilize the *North* !
 Controul *Rebellion* ! and distinguish *Worth* !
 From labouring Clowns, remove Complaints of
 [Want !
 And rid the *Kirk* of *Bigotry* and *Cant* !
 Then *Charity*, and *Money*, shou'd be found !
 And *Learning*, *Truth*, and *Liberty*, abound !
 No furious *Zeal* shou'd *Then* embroil the Land !
 No poor Man groan beneath th' Oppressor's Hand !
 No Sufferer cry, in vain, for due Redress !
 No noble *Genius* languish in Distress !

Arts, Arms, Religion, Sciences, and Trade,
 Shou'd flourish all, beneath my friendly Shade.
Mæcenæ, *Woolsey*, *Richlieu*, Names renown'd !
 Shou'd *Tben*, in my Superior Name, be drown'd.

How sacred wou'd the mighty MONARCH be,
 Who boasts a *premier Minister*, like Me !

Yet, 'midst the troublous Toils of State, some-
 [times,
 My Soul wou'd take its dear Delight, in Rhimes---
 Rhimes ! not Amusements to my self alone,
 But useful to my Country, when I'm gone.
 I'd sing its Story ; and produce to Light
 Important Facts, involv'd in silent Night.
 The MUSE can Merit from Oblivion save,
 And glorify the Virtuous, and the BRAVE.

Methinks,

Methinks, I see the *Scotian* Race unborn,
 By me inspir'd, their native Land adorn !
 Observe the Aged point the Way to Fame !
 And hear the Children lisp their *Poet's* Name !
 All read with Pleasure, and with Pride rehearse
 Th' immortal Annals of my Patriot Verse ;
 How their Forefathers, venerable grown !
 Liv'd, fought, and dy'd, from First Great *FERGUS*
 Then shou'd our Heroes, long, long dead, revive, [down.
 And, clear'd from Clouds of dark Oblivion live !
 The World again shou'd great *Galgacus* see,
 And *Sholto's* Resurrection owe to me !
Wallace, in Verse, shou'd prove a Patriot still,
 And *Bruce*, with Wonder, coming Ages fill !
 Fresh Laurel crown th' unrival'd *Douglas*, Line ; }
 In deathless Glory, *Hays* and *Seatons* shine, }
 And *Campbells*, *Grahams*, and *Murrays*, be divine. }

What Wonders wou'd the MUSE, and I, not do,
Were we prefer'd, and set but fair in View!

Yes, * *Mirabel*! It is the Statesman's Part,
To give to Truth the Preference of Art.
Integrity deserves the first Regard,
And cannot miss, while WALPOLE rules, Reward.
Well have you sung the Praise to Virtue due,
And set the Charms of Friendship fair in View.
A Kingdom, curst with Men of Manners loose,
And Minds unsocial, needed such a MUSE.
In Season you appear; When but to write,
Or think, in Verse, is to be ruin'd quite.

* Author of a late celebrated Epistle to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

POETS, by You, get Credit, even from *Those*,
 Who wou'd distrust their *Creed*, if 'twere not Prose.
 Yet, O retract—recall the * Bolt you've thrown
 To baulk bold GENIUS, or to bring it down ;
 For, *certes*, Wit and Virtue are not Foes
 In Men of Verse, and always Friends in Prose.
 Why so distinguish'd? Why, with Rival Rage,
 Strive they the Statesman's Favour to engage?
 Compatible, at least, they are avow'd ;
 For are not both in *Mirabel* allow'd ?
 Or say, is Place for clod-pate Virtue fit ?
 Virtue, *without* the social Aid of Wit !
 Virtue, *alone*, is like a Snail, that creeps,
 Or heavy Clown, who, on his Journey, sleeps ;

* Lines in the Epistle.

" But yet, believe your undesigning Friend,
 " When *Truth* and *Genius* for your Choice contend,
 " Tho' both have Weight, when in the Ballance cast,
 " Let *Probity* be first, and *Parts* the last.

Expos'd to Fops, and Coxcombs Scorn it lies,
Loses its Way, and unregarded dies ;
If friendly *Genius* does not interpose,
And bear it far beyond the Paths of Prose.
How low a Figure *Virtue*, *singly*, makes !
How liable, in *Office*, to Mistakes !
Genius prevents, or wards the publick Scoff,
And sets plain *Probity* with Honour off.
It animates, and adds a double Grace,
As sprightly Eyes enrich a lovely Face.

Yet, *Muse*, detract not from dear *Virtue's* Praise,
Nor *Genius* high, above its Value, raise,
Tho' *That* but like an *Afs*, in Business, moves,
And *This* an active, lordly *Lion* proves.
But let the Man, prefer'd by *WALPOLE*, be
Possess'd of Both, like *Mirabel*, and *Me* ;

Or,

Or, if disjoin'd, the Place to Genius give,
And, on a Pension, let plain Virtue live.

Mortals, my Freedom and Conceit excuse—
Which of you all wou'd not Distinction chuse?
Who is not SOLON in his own Conceit,
With Sense, Experience, Arts, and Spirit, fit
To guide the STATE, and give the Stamp to Wit?
Ye think yourselves sufficient — I but tell
The secret Thoughts, that in your Bosoms dwell.
Ye are, in Heart, as impudent and vain—
I, more ingenuous, your dark Sense explain;
And, were the Truth, perhaps, but clearly known,
My Wishes are more modest, than your own.

Who knows but I (if 'twere my lucky Fate
To be declar'd a Secretary of State)

Wou'd,

Wou'd, like King SAUL, most sily step aside,
And, for a while, my worthy Person hide?

But, after all, thou'd WALPOLE gravely say,
“*Mitchell*, you must not turn your Head this Way—
(Check'd, to my Patron's Judgment I'd agree,
And *Roxburgh* might resume his Post for Me.

Nay, whether I shall be preferr'd to Place,
Or humbly sneak from Court with some Disgrace,
My purpos'd MUSE no other Means shall try,
Nor cou'd she, cordial, any where apply,
Since 'tis resolv'd by the whole House of ME,
That I'll not rise, O WALPOLE, but by THEE.





THE
ALTERNATIVE:

A N

Anacreontic PETITION

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

FOR THE

POWER and GLORY of a Royal COMMISSION,

To superintend the next

Publick LOTTERY,

Or the next

General ASSEMBLY of the KIRK.

— Nil sine Te mei

Possunt Honores

Hor.

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror Digito Pratercuntium.

Ib.



WEARIED by continuous Strife

In the *Lottery of Life,*

(Where, as yet, no noble Prize

To my Share has chanc'd to rise)

44 P O E M S

O how happy shall I be,
 If, indulg'd by HEAV'N and *Th*ee,
 I, *commission'd*, may appear
 At the *Lottery of this Year* !
 If my Art cou'd ever hit
 Taste, like Thine---If I have Wit---
 If there's Virtue in my Mind---
 If my Works are well design'd---
 If I'm worth a *SINE-CURE*---
 All the MUSES *Th*ee conjure,
 By the *BATH*, an ORDER blest !
 By Thy SELF, of *Knights* confest
 Most deserving, honour'd most,
 EUROPE'S Wonder, BRITAIN'S Boast !
 As Thou lov'st, or pity'st, *Me*,
WALPOLE, speak, and *It shall be*.

With

With what Majesty and Grace

MITCHELL then wou'd shew his Face !

How he'd dignify the Chair !

How preserve *Decorum* There !

Be inspir'd with nobler Flame !

Rival POPE in Verse and Fame !

Pay his Debts ! appear at Court !

Rise to Place, and thank *Thee*-for't.

But, if that *Commission*'s full,

If thou can'st not make One null,

If his MUSE too late apply'd,

If there's any Cause beside

For a Disappointment, yet

MITCHELL scorns to be in Pet,

Or Despair, while *Place* remains

Unsupply'd, and worth his Pains.

One there is---but, gracious Heav'n,

May I seek, and be forgiv'n

WALPOLE's mercifull; and I,

Tho' my Hopes are low, may try.

Never venture, never win,

Says the Proverb---MUSE, begin.

Since, for *Custom*, *Law*, or *Conscience*,

(Or, for any Cause, but *Nonsense*)

One of Rank and high Degree

(Such as I'd be glad to be)

Once a Year is order'd North,

To convene our *Holders-forth*,

And

And to speech it for the KING,
 And to hear Them Pray and Sing;
 Hear them *preach*, and hear them *prate*,
 Hear them *quibble* and *debate*,
 With religious Tone and Eyes,
 Very learned, most precise,
 Wond'rous eloquent and wise!
 May not I, O WALPOLE, stand
 Candidate? — The Time's at Hand
 Men and Brethren meet in May,
 Danger lies in long Delay;
 And your HONOUR knows that I
 Must *equip*, and cannot *fly*.

As I'm orthodox *true Blue*,
 And a clever Fellow too;

From the Cradle nurs'd and bred
 More to lead, than to be led;
 Yet, because I'm all blemish'd,
 By the *Presbytery* refus'd;
 But as fit as any *Priest*,
 CROMWELL-like, to cant, at least;
 Please to put me in the Place—
 Lift your Poet to *his Grace*—
 That, as HORACE struck the Sky,—
 I may, stately strutting by,
 Numerous pointed Fingers see,
 All in Wonderment at Me!
 And the Hum of Thousands hear
 Fraught with my *Encomiums* dear!
 Mix'd with thine, my worthy Knight,
 My MACENAS, my Delight!

Be it so---*Amen*, say I----

See ! I'm now prepar'd ! I fly !

I've already got half Way !

Clear the Coast, ye Men of Clay-----

Kindred Souls, come out, and meet me---

Countrymen, be glad, and greet me---

Io Pæan, cordial, sing----

MITCHELL represents the KING !

Now, methinks, I see my self

(What Conceit inspires an Elf?)

Thron'd within an Elbow Chair,

Full of Majesty and Care ;

And, below, the *Kirkmen* pent,

Full of Grace and Government !

50 P O E M S

Elders, Ministers, and People,
 From grave PAUNCH and holy WEEP-WELL,
 Down to precious LEER and WHINE,
 Rev'rend all, and all Divine!
Moderator at their Head,
 Powder'd much, and Sage, indeed!
 Zeal and Spittle in his Mouth!
 Language heav'nly, tho' uncouth!
 Charitable all, and civil!
 Strong against the *Pope* and *Devil*!
 Mighty true to *GEORGE* and *T H E E*!
 Wond'rous complaisant to *Me*!
 Buried Disputations past,
 Reconcil'd and just, at last!
B---al---n---n Himself, grown mild,
 Fawning, cringing, like a Child,

Owning *Verse* may be of Use,
 And the *Stage* without Abuse !
Wish---rt, Fl---nt, M---cl---n, H---rt,
 Strange to hear it ! take my Part :
 Ready, we'r't not vain, to creep
 To bring Home the *banish'd Sheep---*
 Not to guide him, like a *Lamb,*
 But observe him, as a *Ram.*

Lucky Chance in lucky Time,
 Lucky Suit in lucky Rhime,
 Thou of PATRONS ever best,
 I of POETS most carest,
 Shou'd my Projects but succeed !
 Shoud'ft thou say the *Word* indeed !

WALPOLE, thus, in various Strain,
 Have I pray'd, and pray'd again,

Studious to make *Thee* my Friend,
And be happy in the End.

ISAAC wanted thus to eat,
Ere he dy'd, of savoury Meat.

He was bit——but HEAV'N forbid

I should take a *Calf* for *Kid*.





THE
M E M O R I A L:
An O D E

(Being the last POETICAL PETITION)

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

*The Sum of all I have to say,
Is, Please to put me in a Way,
And your Petitioner shall pray.*

PRIOR.

I.



FOR Years had WALPOLE, good and
[great,
Upheld and grac'd the *British* State,
Ere any *Bard* of Skill and Spirit
Attempted to record his Merit !

II.

I, blushing for my Brothers Shame,
 And wond'ring at his Worth and Fame,
 With *Caledonian* Bravery, durst

* Petition and proclaim Him, first,

III.

Then EUSDEN, BECKINGHAM, and YOUNG,

Yea, D--D--G--N, *et cætera*, fung --

Lord ! what *Epistles*, and what *Odes*,

Extoll'd his *Honour* to the GODS !

IV.

BUT WALPOLE well their Value knows,

And what chief End the *Bards* propose ;

Nor will He give them *Place*, or *Pension*,

While his own MITCHELL make Pretension.

* The SINE-CURE, The EQUIVALENT, &c.

V.

What tho' my *Fortune's* less severe,
 Since You have join'd with generous *STAIR*
 To crown my Muse, and kill my Care---
 This daring Soul will never rest,
 'Till I'm a *Senator*, at Least!

VI.

Ambition, manag'd well by *Reason*,
 Can hardly deviate into *Treason* :
 Mine is to do a World of Good,
 Else I'd be pleas'd with * *ACUR'S* Food.

VII.

The Common-weal I have at Heart;
 Unbrib'd, I'd act a *Patriot's* Part;
 And, by my *gratis* Zeal and Votes,
 Atone for five and forty S---ts.

* Give me neither Poverty, nor Riches : but feed me with Food convenient for me. Prov. xxx. 8.

VIII.

Some Souls, originally bright,
 Need only to be brought to Light :
 Draw but aside this Veil of mine,
 You'll see how gloriously I'll shine !

IX.

PRIOR had ne'er been *Plenipo* ;
 Nor STEPNEY, ADDISON, and ROWE,
 Made such an high and mighty Show ;
 Had no MÆCENAS mark'd their Worth,
 And to Advantage set them forth.

X.

Who knows what *Figure* I might cut,
 Were I but in *Commission* put,
 Now Kings and Queens go by the Ears,
 And States beat up for Volunteers ?

Many

XI.

Many a despicable Elf,
Far more unlikely than my Self,
In *Peace*, or *War*, has Wonders done—
---But, 'till one's try'd, He's never known.

XII.

Then, noble Patron, weigh the Case,
And put Me, while You can, in Place;
For certes *Life* and *Power* are Things,
Which always had, and will have, Wings.

XIII.

It is not *Money*, Sir, I seek;
(Tho' that's the same Thing in the *Greek*)
But an *Employment*, that may fit
Alike my *Virtue* and my *Wit*.

XIV. What

XIV.

What Joy, or Sorrow, will the News
 Of WALPOLE'S Treatment of the Muse
 Thro' all the *Elystan* Plains diffuse,
 When I to kindred *Shades* relate
 The Story of my Life and Fate?

XV.

When BRITONS, yet unborn, shall view
 The List of Men, preferr'd by You,
 (Which all our Chronicles will shew)
 Who knows but they'll make bold to blame
 Your Honour, shou'd they miss my Name?
 Then shining high, in deathless Fame!

XVI.

'Twou'd vex a *Saint*, to have it said,
 By future BURNETTS, when we're dead,

That WALPOLE did a World of Good—

—But pass'd his Poet in the Crowd,

As one He never understood.

XVII.

But, if the Government is full,

And not one Post at present null,

Some Vacancies will, weekly, fall—

Your Vote and Interest, Sir, is all !

XVIII.

CONGREVE, the darling Wit and Friend,

Is ill (alas !) and near his End----

Whene'er He gains our kindred Skies,

Let MITCHELL to his Honours rise----

XIX.

Or, if his * Secretary's Place

Is promis'd---- which may be the Case----

Mr. CONGREVE is Secretary to the Government of JAMAICA.

Other

Other *Reversions* are not scant—

Pass but some *promissory* Grant—

Your Word's a Bond ! and all I want !

XX,

Mean while, with Patience, Faith and Hope,

I'll wait, and *versify* with POPE ;

And, now and then, with WATTS and STEVENS,

Pray for *Reversion* in the HEAVENS,

XXI.

But shou'd capricious FORTUNE frown,

And cross my Way to wish'd Renown,

I'll learn, revengeful, to despise her,

And leave the Court, like *Uncle* * SIZER,

* ROGER SIZER, Esq; who was first Pay-master of the Army Abroad, and afterwards of the Household, in King WILLIAM's Reign; but at Queen ANNE's Accession to the Throne (when He met with some Disappointments) left both Court and Town for Ever.

XXII.

What Soul of Sense wou'd still depend,
Who has a *Plough*, or *Flock*, to tend ?
Rather than sue in vain, I'd take a
Desperate Voyage to J A M A I C A.

XXIII.

Nay, prove my *Fortune* bad, or better,
Be this my last *Poetic* Letter ;
For, truly, 'tis a Jest to tease Him,
Who will do just as it shall please Him.

XXIV.

Then, tho' *deny'd*, I'll be at *Rest*,
And of my *Income* make the *Best* :
But, rather without *Straw* raise *Brick*,
Then at our *Constitution* kick.

XXV.

I'll ne'er like W---RT---N, *Malecontent*,

Affront the *King*, or *Government* :

Nor C---ST---LD, and P---LT---Y too,

(*Tho' honourable Men, and true*)

Shall influence *Me* to bark at *You*.

XXVI.

When I prove *Traitor*, or *Ingrate*,

Let STAIR forget the Arts of State,

Let KING turn base, * OPHELIA froward,

The brave ARGYLE commence a *Coward*,

And *Charms* abandon Madam H—

XXVII.

But, ah ! must *Loyalty* and *Love*

Neglected, vain, and useless prove ?

Shall *Merit* unrewarded pass?

And *MITCHELL* look so like an *Ass*?

XXVIII.

* In *LONDON* let it not be told,

From *EDINBURGH* the Tale with-hold,

Lest *Blockheads*, *Fools*, and *Knaves* grow glad,

And *Bards* and *Criticks* run stark mad.

* Tell it not in *GATH*, publish it not in the Streets of *ASKELON*, lest the *PHILISTINES* rejoyce, and the uncircumcised triumph, 2 Sam. i. 20.





A N

O D E

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath ;

On his being Elected into, and Invested with the Ensigns of,
the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

Thus shall it be done to the Man, whom the King delighteth to honour.
Esther.

I.



HEN fam'd ELIZA grac'd the Throne ;

And ENGLAND in its Lustre shone ;

A Garter'd Commoner was seen,

Whose Counsels glorify'd the Queen !

He well deserv'd the Honours, that He wore----

Honours, paid Him, honour'd his Country more.

II. So,

II.

So, while great GEORGE the Scepter wields;
And ev'ry Land to BRITAIN yields;
A Commoner supports the Crown,
And gives the Nation its Renown!

What Marks of Royal Favour are too great
For this distinguish'd ATLAS of our State?

III.

Behold! the gracious Monarch still
Prevents our Wishes, by his Will:
Before our grateful Voice is heard,
See! He confers the due Reward.

A greater Name, than great ELIZA, gives!
A greater Name, than WALSINGHAM, receives!

IV.

WALPOLE, all Hail! thou honour'd Knight!
Thy Country's Glory and Delight!

'Thou Soul, that animates our State!

'Thou Arbiter of EUROPE'S Fate!

How shall thy favour'd MITCHELL wish 'Thee Joy?

And, in what Strain, his raptur'd Muse employ?

V.

O cou'd I, equal to the Theme,

'Thy Actions, and their Springs, proclaim!

'Thy matchless Eloquence display!

And sing thy Soul-endearing Way!

Faction, and Foes, and People yet to Be,

Shou'd own the *Garter* borrow'd *Grace* of 'Thee.

VI.

Dull'd by § *Petitionary* Lays,

My Muse could never reach thy Praise;

Tho', by the Great, the Godlike STAIR

Indulg'd, and tempted ev'n to dare.

§ *The SINE-CURE, EQUIVALENT, PROMOTION, and ALTERNATIVE.*

How

on several Occasions. 67

How vain the Toil, for such a Dwarf, as I,
With *Giant* Hopes, to scale the lofty Sky!

VII.

Let D---D---T---N, or YOUNG, shew forth
(They better can, and know) thy Worth;
What Thou, in private Life, hast done;
And how, in publick Station, shone;
What Honours got; what Glory yet remains
To crown thy Fortune, and reward thy Pains----

VIII.

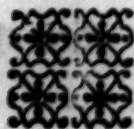
Methinks, the wish'd-for Time is nigh,
When Thou, O WALPOLE, Titled high,
Shalt fix the Crowd's adoring Eyes,
As now thy Virtues charm the Wife.
How will they worship, when they view the Duke,
Who, at the Knight, with Fear and Reverence,
[look?

IX.

Then let the Bards thy Bounty fed,
 Or whom thy Praise and Friendship made,
 With Strength and Skill, united, Joyn
 To make thy Monument divine-----
 No borrowed Ornaments they need to use:
 Thy native Worth will best supply the Muse.

X.

Upon the noble Pile of Fame,
 Which Others rear to WALPOLE's Name,
 May my small Turret find a Place,
 Nor to the Building bring Disgrace!
 Joyn'd to their Works, how lasting wou'd it be?
 How shine, when gilded with the Praise of Thee?





THE
SUBSCRIPTION:
AN
ANACREONTIQUE,

To the NOBLE and RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

— *Nile sine Te* —

HOR.



ALPOLE, Oracle of Sense!

Prodigy of Eloquence!

Guarantee of Publick Credit;

And the very Man, who made it!

Best of Ministers and Friends !

See, O See, your Poet bends----

MITCHELL makes another Leg,

And has something new to beg.

Lo! to curry your Excuse,

In his Hand he brings the *Muse*,

Not for Place, or Pension praying,

Nor his Worth and Parts displaying ;

But most humbly representing,

That his Works are now a Printing,

Volumes two ! Octavo size !

Royal Paper ! Guinea Price !

One to STAIR, and one address'd

To your Self, his Patrons best !

Patrons, Both of noble Names !

MITCHELL's ever sacred Themes !

And,

And, whereas He has not yet
Got the Riches He's to get;
Nor can well defray this Charge,
Without a SUBSCRIPTION large;
May it therefore please your Honour,
(Once a Year to him a Donor)
To accept and to dispose
Ten Times Ten Receipts in Prose —
Or (which is the same in *Greek*,
If a *Muse* so plain may speak)
Pay the Value, half, or whole;
Either wou'd inspire his Soul,
Whether Peace, or War, ensue,
Still to Sing, and Sing of You.



And, when the hand of death
Gave the Father the son; then
For can we deny the change?
Without a sacrifice large?
May it therefore please your wisdom,
(Once a Year, to him who)
To accept and to dispose of
Ten Thousand Dollars in Bonds
Or (which is the same in effect)
It is left to him, may please
Pay the value, half or whole,
Either would inspire his soul,
He better Peace, or War, could
And to sing and sing of You



THE
SHOE-HEEL:
A
RHAPSODY.



THE

THE

THE

THE



TO THE
Right HONOURABLE

The Lord Viscount

KILLMOREY.



KILLMOREY, Chief of long ennobled

[Blood!
Young, and yet Wise! and, tho' a
[Gallant, Good!
Last, but not least of Patrons to a Bard,

Who never *basely* buckled for *Reward*;

Never to *Fools* or *Knaves* inglorious bow'd,

Flatter'd the *Vulgar Great*, nor coax'd the abject
[*Crowd*.

To

To such a *Bard*, distinguishably odd !
Permission grant to deviate from the *Mode* :
Let your lov'd MITCHELL offer you his *Lays*,
Unstain'd by venal, prostituted, Praise.
He, highly favour'd, but presumes to bring
The Strains Your Self inspir'd his Muse to sing ;
Thoughts on an humble Theme, in Verse unchim'd,
By your own Influence happily sublim'd !
So PHILLIPS sung : Your Poet *eyes* his Muse,
As distant, *He*, great MILTON's Track pursues !
No trivial Task to keep such Worth in View :
But great, indeed, to be indulg'd by *You* !
Whose Morn of Life, like other's Noon, appears !
Mature in Glory, while but green in Years !
Improve the Age's Wonder and Delight ----
But can a human Mind be more divinely bright ?

In vain, my *Lord*, in foreign Courts you roam---
 You carried greater Excellence from Home.
 In your Deportment, we behold, at once,
 The boasted Charms of *Italy* and *France*.
Places and *Things*, unseen, you may explore;
 But learn no *Virtues* strange to you before;
 No nobler Manners, no politer Turn;
 Nothing that more KILLMOREY can adorn!
 O may your Life be *Heaven's* peculiar Care,
 And, for BRITANNIA's sake, her *Hope* and *Glory*
 But, doom'd to narrow Bounds, and humble State,
 [spare!
 In vain your *Poet* tries to temper Fate:
 Capricious *Fortune* down his Genius weighs,
 And feeds his Muse with unsubstantial Praise,
 Tho' STAIR and WALPOLE promise better Days!

78 P O E M S

By Them, that fickle *Goddeſs* fix'd, may yet
 Smile on his Labours, and enrich his Wit.
 The Time approaches, I the Day foreſee,
 When MITCHELL worth *ten thouſand Pounds* ſhall be!
 In *Coach* and *Chariot*, loll away his Cares!
 Nor need a *Cobler* ---- but for *Flanders Mares*!

LONDON,
 May 1726.

MITCHELL.



THE



THE
SHOE-HEEL:
A
RHAPSODY.

*Dicam insigne recens, adhuc
Indictum Ore alio* —

H O R.



LL fare the Miscreant, who, to Mis-
[chief prone,
In fatal Hour, by Star malignant rul'd,
The whole World's Crimes appropri-
[ating, first,
Invented *Styles*, dire Structures! to oppose
And break the peaceful Course of Passengers
In rural Fields. The Wretch, by Heav'n abandon'd,
Had studied long, and try'd ten thousand Sins
Of blackest Dye, ere this curs'd Art was found,
To thoughtful Men eternally a Plague.

This,
†

This, whilom wandering by fair *Iver's* Stream,
Across the Meads, unwary, I experienc'd;
For, (wonderful to tell!) as stradling o'er
A Log, that high above its Fellows rais'd
Its Head inglorious, sudden slipp'd my Foot,
And, from my Shoe, its Heel attendant forc'd,
Deplorable! A Step of Danger full!
So had it prov'd to my important Limbs,
But that they're sacred, as my Muse, inspir'd
With Thoughts of Virtue, and KILLMOREY's House,
Bless'd House! where Plenty and Content abound;
And He, young *Peer*, the Shame of hoary Years,
And Standard of Nobility, vouchsafes
Friendship to Bards. O long, long may He live
His Country's Blessing, and its Boast renown'd!
This be my Morning and my Evening Prayer.
Of him, most grateful Theme! my Thoughts were
[full,
As

As from the *Style*, astonied, erst I fell,
Yet rose unhurt——Such was the Care of Heav'n!
So to be sav'd, I'll ever have such Thoughts,
And to KILLMOREY consecrate the Muse.

Had Vice employ'd my Mind, or any Theme
Less worthy than that *Peer*, of Parts egregious!
My Neck itself, in Twain disjoin'd, had then
Vented last Breath, Terrifick Thought! Alone,
And unassisted, I had left the Stage,
Stripp'd of my mortal Garments, immature;
And, on the Banks of *Iver's* crystal Stream,
My Ghost had murmur'd with the rolling Tide,
Incessant! dismal Confort to my Friends,
Shou'd any Friends my Funeral survive:

Thou, STUART, Friend select, wou'dst then have
 O'er my benighted Corps; and seen it laid, ^{[wept}
 With due Decorum, in a solemn Vault;
 From Eyes and Hands, unhallowed, far apart.
 Near fair STUARTA, too soon faded Flow'r,
 Sister of MURRAY's Earl, Great *Scotian* Chief,
 In Church of *Iwer*, consecrated Ground,
 My stranger Clay might decently have lain,
 Pacifick, till the dreadful Trumpet's Sound
 Summon the Dead to Judgment, Great Affize!
 To Sons of Men eternally momentuous!

Mean while, KILLMOREY, generous Lord, had
 To wait my Hearse, and see due Honours ^{[deign'd} paid
 To Bard, late lov'd. Nor had't ev'n Thou, MARIA,
 Pattern of Virtue and refin'd Behaviour!

Deny'd

Deny'd thy condescending Grace. Perhaps
 Thy *Female Offspring*, heavenly fair ! had join'd
 Maternal Pity ; and vouchsaf'd, lamenting,
 To say of me, " He dy'd, alas ! too soon,
 " And merited a better Fate." Sweet Words
 From Lips more sweet ! so to be prais'd and mourn'd,
 What Poet would not die ? blest'd Elegy,
 Inspir'd by Excellence so near Divine !

Yet stop, my Fancy---the Idea pains :
 'Tis better far, that I the Danger 'scap'd,
 Exulting : Ev'n my Ankle is unsprain'd !
 Only, like a lame Traveller, o'er the Fields,
 Darkling, I hopp'd. So MULCIBER, of Old,
 (As HOMER, Sire of Verse, majestick, sings)
 Limp'd as he walk'd ; for, thrown by angry *Jove*,
 Sheer o'er the crystal Battlements of Heav'n,

A Summer's Day he fell ; and, in the Fall,
Batter'd his Skull and Heel, on *Lemnian* Ground.
This VULCAN was a God ! a Mortal I,
By Birth---But deathless, by the Muse, confirm'd !
As heal'd, by *Sintheians* He, so was my Shoe,
By KILLINGSWORTH, at *Iver* much Renown'd ;
Cobler in Chief to the laborious Swains !

To him, great Man ! did soon a trusty *Page*,
Eager t'oblige a Bard (for all *Domesticks*
Of Lord KILLMOREY boast a Taste refin'd)
Convey my Calches. He, well-skill'd in Art,
In Minutes few, in perfect Union join'd
The sever'd Parts. So whilom ANNA spoke
Discordant Kingdoms into lasting Peace.

O may kind Pow'rs his pious Pains reward,
 And soon distorted Muscles of his * Wife,
 (Of which my broken Calches was a Type
 Prophetick,) be replac'd! prodigious Chasm
 In Female Mould! So yawn'd *Rome's* Forum wide,
 'Till CURTIUS, noble Youth! jump'd in, undaunted.
 But KILLINGSWORTH, heroick Youngster, forth
 From Orifice wide, discontinuous, broke;
 Promise of future Usefulness to Men!
 Offspring immortal, of a deathless Sire,
 O'er rev'rend † CRISPIN's self Superior fam'd;
 Or § him, who, whistling, happy in his Stall,

* Mrs. *Killingsworth* was deliver'd of a young Cocker, the very Night after her Husband had mended the Poet's Shoe. Such was the Will of Fate!

† The tutelar Saint and Patron of Cobblers in *Papish* Countries. No doubt, the Man had been extremely devout in his Stall, and wrought Miracles with his Awl and Hempen Threads.

§ Pity his Name is not recorded in our Chronicles. The Curious may see the History at large in a little Treatise, entitled, *The History of the King and the Cocker*, adorn'd with Cuts.

Eighth HARRY, Royal Rambler, erst observ'd,
Envious, astonish'd; and, ambitious won,
By means of Shoe, by regal Force unheel'd,
To Friendship high. Such shou'd the Friendship be
Of Kings and Cobblers. So great HARRY judg'd,
And to a Cellar call'd his lov'd Compeer;
For Wine reveals and joins the Hearts of Men.
Social, they drank, and laugh'd, and talk'd, and sung;
Nor parted, till, in homely Hall, a Pot
Of nappy Ale, twice ten Years barrell'd up,
And *Anno Domini* with Rev'rence nam'd,
Was quaff'd. But JOAN, of Fellowship the Bane,
Waking from Sleep, and grumbling, drove the *Prince*
To Court, reluctant: Yet not ere join'd Hands
Sanction'd the mutual Promise of true Love
And Friendship lasting. Soon to Court the Son
Of CRISPIN hied, a City Beau! to find

His

HIS HARRY TUDOR ; not without Consent,
(Who wou'd have thought it ?) of imperious JOAN !
But Wives, sometimes, are christianly dispos'd !
Can Language tell the Cobler's vast Surprise,
Terrors, Distraction, when in Royal Robes
He found his Fellow ? but divested soon
Of Majesty and State, to Cellar rich,
'Th' indulgent *Prince* the welcom Fav'rite led,
And drank him up to Sov'reignty of Soul !
Fit Partner and Companion then confest !
Mirth was renew'd, and Friendship faster bound.
Nor stop'd Great HARRY, till fair forty Marks,
Huge Pension then ! were settled on the Man
Of gentle Craft. Example take, ye Kings ;
And wisely chuse the Fav'rites of your Grace.
Merit, like Air, is unconfined and free,
But most in Stalls and humble Huts abounds.

Did not divine *Eumæus* keep the Hogs?

And, in his Garden, old *Laertes* seek

Sweet Consolation for his absent Son,

Ulysses sage; nor yet disdain'd to plow

And dung his Ground with his imperial Hand?

This weighing well, I, more than mortal Bard,

Have made a Friend of KILLINGSWORTH, renown'd!

Ne'er may the Union of our Hearts be broke.

Vain Fear! while *Iver* nappy Ale affords;

Or various Wines KILLMOREY's Cellar stores.

Hadst thou, O PHILIPS, Bard prodigious! found

A *Taylor*, dextrous as my *Cobler*, ne'er

Had * Verse of thine the horrid Chasm confess'd

Of *Galligaskins*; - at which Winds alternate

With chilling Blasts, tumultuous enter'd in.

Of, as I read thy live Description, Tears

* See the *Splendid Shilling*.

My Cheeks bedew ; and oft, I curse the Times,
 And Taste of Men, who suffer'd Thee to sing
 Thy Woes so rueful ! Had I flourish'd then,
 My Coat, my Shirt, had freely gone to Pawn,
 To purchase Galligaskins sound for Thee.
 Long, very long, may I th'Affliction scape !
 And Cash or Credit find t'appear Abroad,
 Decent in Drefs ! ne'er may my leathern Bag,
 Or filken Purse, a splendid Shilling want.
 Twice ten fair Pieces, Residue of Cash
 By generous STAIR, on Fav'rite Bard bestow'd,
 Enrich'd my Fob, and cheer'd the grateful Muse,
 When whilom KILLINGSWORTH, with Art ingenious,
 Doctor'd my Shoe---HOMER had ne'er so much !
 A Sterling Pound how rare the Poet's Boast,
 In Iron Age ; when Patrons rise as rare,
 As Peaches, in rough Hyperborean Climes,

And

And ope their Coffers bounteous to the Muse,
 As Priests to Parish Poor distribute Alms ;
 Or *Presbytry* fair * Testimonials gives
 To free-born Genius, and Wit unslav'd.
 Tremendous Zeal of *Kirk-men*, blindly urg'd
 Against Heav'n's Gift, and Providence Supreme !
 Such I experienc'd, in my youthful Days,
 Where Love of Poesy was deem'd a Crime,
 By blind Prosaick Leaders of the Blind ;
 Source of the Sorrows I have felt, or feel,
 In Life ! Thee BALLANDINE, how shall I thank
 For Cash, or Credit, Liberty, or Breath ?
 In future Ages thou shalt live in Song,
 TARTUF the Second :---This thy Merits claim,
 And I th'Arrears to Merit due will pay.

* The Presbytery of *Edinburgh*, where the Author some time studied to be a Parson, refused him their Testimony and Licence, because he had read and recommended Dramatic Poetry, and would not believe and pronounce the Stage to be *in itself absolutely unlawful, and an Abomination in the Eyes of the Lord.*

But stop, my Muse, thy Course digressive here,
Nor KILLINGSWORTH with BALLANDINE profane,
By Episode, unwary, hurried far.

Joyous, I turn to hail the *Cobler's* Art,
And, in my Verse, emblaze his proper Acts,
Momentuous ! May I ne'er debase the Theme !

O cou'd my Muse pursue th' Example bright !
As well-beat Leather, strong shou'd be my Sense,
And sharp, as Awls, my Wit. His hempen Threads
No surer stitch the Chafms of broken Soles,
Than my Connexion, nervous, firm my Strains,
And fit my Labours for eternal Use.

But I, alas ! at Distance far, unskill'd,
Copy the Pattern of great KILLINGSWORTH,
Unrivall'd *Cobler* ! what *Physician* fam'd,
ARBUTHNOT, MEAD, or SLOAN, with like Success,

Can

Can cure the human Body, spent with Toil,
 Or worn with Age? Well were it for the Town,
 Could'st thou, St. ANDRE, of upstart Fame!
 Or thou, O DOUGLAS, dislocated Bones
 Rejoin, secure; or broken Limbs restore
 To pristine Soundness; as ingenious He,
 Sudden and cheap, renews decrepit Shoes,
 Or stops an Orifice in leathern Boots!
 Thou R---n, vers'd in *Ruptures* by Receipt,
 And deem'd a Doctor for thy want of Skill,
 Why rid'st thou in gilt Chariot, while a-Foot
 Great KILLINGSWORTH, in Art and Virtue grey,
 Is doom'd, alas! to trudge it all in Rags?
 Well for the Church, that WAKE and HOADLEY,
 By his Example, and unerring Method, [fam'd,
 Cou'd cure the wounded Consciences of Men,
 And heal the Souls of Sinners; direful Case!

But,

But, O how blest'd, how happy were the Realm,
Did *Statesmen* learn of KILLINGSWORTH to act,
Preserve the Peace, and hoard no ill-got Wealth!
But GEORGE'S Reign, like old *Saturnian* Times,
Screens no malignant Mind, no Practice vile.

Thee, KILLINGSWORTH, no Subtlety perverts,
No Vanity, no Pride inflames. Thy Stall,
Sweet Seat! is void of Envy, Cares, and Strife.
There sitt'ft Thou, arm'd with Hammer, Lench,
[and Awl],
Within pacifick Walls enthron'd, and pleas'd :
So, in his Tub, DIOGENES was wont
To scorn the World, and feast on calm Content.
O how unlike was he, of LUDGATE-HILL !
Whose Pride, elate, by * *Bickerstaff* expos'd,
Is *Satire* pointed at all Ranks of Men,

* See the *Tattler*, Number 127.

Fantastick, and high-fum'd. This *Artist*, vain,
Great Lover of Respect, (aloof from him,
Fateful, alas ! with-held,) the Figure of a *Beau*,
In Window plac'd ; vile *Sycophant* of Wood,
Bending profound to pay unmeant Respect.
Under left Arm a Hat, and, in right Hand
Of Arm extended, was some Wax, or Thread,
Or Candle held, as most the *Master's* Use
Avail'd. O strange *Idolatry* inverted !
In which the Image to the Man did Homage !
But Earth abounds with his upheav'd Compeers.
All meditate Dominion, and wou'd rule
O'er Birds, or Beasts, or their own Kind, tyrannick.
Each Mortal from Inferiors looks for Praise,
Observance, or Submission, to Desert
Imagin'd due ; for few in Question call
Their proper Merit, and superior Right

To

To Rev'rence; nor, but scantling, cease Emprize
Enormous, proud Ambition's End to reach.
Curs'd Affectation of despotick Sway!
Of human Nature, Reason, Sense, the Bane,
Reproach, Disgrace! on Folly founded still!
By Puffs of Flatt'ry oft to Madness blown!
But most absurd in Minds of low Degree,
Heav'n-doom'd to Darknes, and Oblivion dire.
Such this Invention, upon LUDGATE-HILL,
Of *Cobler*, erst *anonymous*. In *Cits*
Of humblest Rank, and weakest Brain, Conceit
Reigns lawless, insolent; and through all Steps
Of Greatness, may be trac'd infuriate. But
Exempt from this Disease, wide spreading, stands
Wise KILLINGSWORTH: Nor human Nature he,
Nor gentle Craft disfigures: Ever calm,
Modest and Meek, his peerless Mind controlls

Secret Resentment, Seeds of Self-Esteem,
And Passions, that make Havock of the Brain.
Let Young and Old, the Rich and Poor observe
The Pattern rare; so shall they 'scape Contempt
Or BEDLAM, natural Consequence of Pride,
Dire Prologue to a World of Woes, Hell-bred.

Why, O my Stars, was I not bred a Cobler?
A Trade unfordid! Tricking Mortals, learn
To cobble Shoes, and let the World grow good.
Ye Jobbers, *Jews*, and Brokers, O be taught
To deal upright, as KILLINGSWORTH directs
By Pattern honest. Let Attorneys quit
Their Pettifogging Arts, and leave Mankind
To follow Nature, Equity's great Friend.
Justice, and Law, and Peace, are best maintain'd
By Reason plain and pure. These, ever sound,

No Cobling need ; or but few Sages wise
In good Repair to keep the Commonweal.
O when will Men improve the Trade of Truth,
Know their own Strength, and use their Talents
Discern, ye Scriblers, O discern your Skill,
Your proper Genius, and betimes apply
Your Talents, studious, to Creation's End.
For me, I'd rather serve a Swain for Hire,
And purchase Bread according to the Curse
Of ADAM, fall'n from Grace, than plague Mankind
With senseless Metre ; or ev'n shine renown'd
In noble Verse, for all Things else unfit,
In all Things else unskill'd. Condition dire !
So great ACHILLES, in the *Elysian* Scenes,
Preferr'd a Life of Abstinence and Toil,
Before Dominion o'er unbody'd Shades.

O Happiness of humble State and Rank !
Sweet Industry, the Child of sacred Virtue !
How blest'd is Life, sequester'd from the Town,
Where one eternal Round of Hurry reigns.
In humble Greatness KILLINGSWORTH grows old,
Happy, and useful to his Neighb'ring Swains,
A Loyal Subject, and a Churchman true !
Yet both by Chance---for he's above Design :
Assur'd that bold Enquiry might disturb
His Halcyon Ease, and Primitive Repose.
Whatever Mischief happens on the Earth,
In his Asylum, 'midst his Tools envelopt,
Safe, he remains, and, unconcern'd, is blest !
So while rough Thunder rends the dark'ning Clouds,
And dreadful Bolts their furious Forces waste
On tow'ring Hills, the humble Plain, secure,
Mocks the loud Roar, and Heav'n's Artillery
[scapes.
Were

Were I to have my Choice (but ah ! my Stars
 Look with ill Aspect, and deny my Wish,)
 Near *Iver's* Stream, of Waters most Supreme !
 A Residence I'd chuse : best Boon of Heav'n !
 Such *Cobler's-Hall* delectable appears,
 Rare Product of ingenious Skill and Toil
 Of KILLINGSWORTH, Sire to the boasted Man,
 Whom fain my Muse wou'd imitate and praise.
 Happy KILLMOREY, who, in *Cobler's-Hall*,
 Enjoyest *Elysium*. But that Thou dwell'ft there,
 I'd covet that Abode, of rural Seats
 Pre-eminent. Yet *Me*, an humble Bard,
 An humbler House may please. A narrow Room
 May serve my Rank : But let me have it neat,
 And clean, ye Gods ; tho' but one Chair, or Stool,
 Stand by th' Table---and let Sheets be favoury,

POEMS

And Landlady not fluttish, nor severe,
 As whilom G---r, Parsons's Relict, prov'd
 To R---r and B---n, who fair *Iver* chose
 For Residence. Good Taste! to fix on *Iver*;
 But too hard Fate, to meet ill Usage there!
 Yet cheer, fair Ladies, and recal to Mind,
 How, ev'n in Seats celestial, Discord rose
 Thro' Pride of LUCIFER, of Rebels chief,
 Whom Pow'r Almighty, (so great MILTON sings)
 Hurl'd headlong, flaming, from the Ethereal Sky
 With hideous Ruin and Combustion, down
 To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantin Chains, and penal Fire.

Save us, good Heav'n, from such a dire Extreme,
 Of Crime and Vengeance---Fate of Souls abandon'd
 Of Grace! But, shun, my Muse, the dismal Thought,

Nor with horrick Images confound
Iver, the Scene of Pleasure and of Love,
 My Residence desir'd. There lodg'd, I'd pass
 My flying Years, from Noise and Hurry free,
 O'er all my Passions watchful, and supreme!
 As from the snowy Tops of *Alpine* Hills,
 I'd view the spacious Sea of human Woes,
 Pitying and pleas'd. Oh sacred heav'nly Life,
 Undash'd with Cares, or Spleen; and wrapt secure
 In ornamental Virtues, Garment rare!
 Thus shou'd my Years, in grateful Circle, rowl;
 And fair shou'd be my Character and Fame,
 Fair as the new-fall'n Snow, or whiter Skin
 Of Curate's Daughter, *Jane*, an *Iver* Toast!
 Tho' to adorn my Head, no Bays arise,
 The peaceful Olive shou'd content my Mind.
 Instead of marble Pillars, I'd survey

Tall Pyramids of Cypress Ever-green ;
And, in the Place of arch'd and gilded Roofs,
Contemplate Heaven's great Canopy of State.
Forgetful, THORNHILL, of thy Light and Shade,
Thy blended Colours, artfully dispos'd,
My Eyes wou'd feast on variegated Scenes,
And Prospects, form'd by Nature for Delight ;
Palms, Myrtle-Groves, green Valleys, Mountains,
And bubbling Streams, as Crystal clear, and cold ^{[Hills,}
As *Thracian* Ice, thro' flow'ry Meads, dispers'd,
Should more than make amends for want of Art,
On Canvas drawn by thy ingenious Hand.
Content with Little, and retir'd from Crowds,
My Stock of Wit I would not misapply,
To flatter Fools, or wicked Men in Pow'r.
Domestick Troubles too I'd wisely shun,
And rather fly, like J---N, Bard of Beef!

To

To an ærial Citadel, well-pleas'd,
 Than, in first Floor of sumptuous Shew, reside,
 With Dame contentious. So, in holy Writ,
 Avers the Wisdom of the wisest Man,
 Hight SOLOMON, of *Israel* erst the King.
 His *Song of Songs* I'd oft repeat, enraptur'd :
 And oft, O C---LL, thy *Circassian* read,
 Of Verse politest It, of *Priests* thy self !
 Oft wou'd I drown dull Thought in homely Ale
 Of Country *Vicar*. Oft with honest Swains,
 On quaint Expressions and Conundrums keen,
 I'd whiff Tobacco, grateful Herb : yet ne'er
 Wou'd I lose Time with *Master*, whom Estate
 And want of Wit, make Coxcomb ; Booby bred !
 He with strong Beer and Ale the Country rules,
 By long hereditary Right of Folly.
 I love the Simple, Jovial Swains,---but tremble

At Sight of Fools. So, with her Hairs erect,
 And chilly Sweat, OPHELIA, harmless Soul !
 Beholds a Rat, or Mouse, a-cross the Floor
 Scud fleet, or sculk in Closet dark perdue.
 Me no deep Veneration does inspire
 For eldest Sons of Squires, with Coats broad-lac'd,
 That smell like Civit Cats. Come not, my Soul,
 Into their Habitation ; nor again
 Ride out by Five, and pass half Days fatigu'd,
 With T---, like *Nimrod*, mighty Huntsman, there.
 Why should my Pleasure issue in Fatigue ?
 Such prov'd the Sport, when whilom with thy
 And Thee, I beat the neighbouring Thickets round ^{[Hounds}
 Fair Iver many a Mile, prodigious Task !
 And all in vain,---but that I found a Crab,
 Apple delicious to a thirsty Palate !
 In Fields of Lady MONTAGUE yclip'd.

So, to a Traveller o'er *Numidian* Wastes,
A Stream proves *Luxury* ! exhausted quite,
And tir'd, he takes the Fortune of the Chase,
Whether in quest of Prey, the Defart wide
He traverses, or seeks some distant Land.

Me long and tedious Courses never please :
Rather, for Recreation, let me walk
And exercise my Limbs ! and oft, O sweet !
Angle the River ! oft, o'er Birds unweeting,
Spread the delusive Net. Yet save me, Heaven,
From each Desire voluptuous and cruel ;
By Massacre of thy defenceless Creatures,
To feed my Maw, and make my self the Grave
Of Beasts, and Birds, and Fish, Creation's Pride.
For Sport, I'd catch 'em---but to let 'em 'scape
Unhurt ! the short-liv'd Sorrow wou'd enhance
The joyous Boon of Liberty aerial.

Thrice

Thrice wretched Men, from whom wise Heav'n
The Knowledge of this great, important, Truth, ^{[conceals}
That little with Contentment is best Cheer,
And half a large Estate excells the Whole !
Unhappy, who cou'd ne'er perceive the Sweets,
The Luxury of wholesome Roots and Herbs !
But blest beyond Expression They, who crown'd
With Plenty, chuse Retirement from the Crowd,
And please themselves with what the Country ^{[yields.}
How greatly *Horace*, at his *Sabin* Seat,
Or fair *Tiburtin* Manor blest, declin'd
The Pride and Cares of State, tho' *Cæsar's* Self
Invited, as a Friend ! Nor was he blam'd.
Wise Men have idle Hours t' unbend their Minds,
Turmoil'd with Cares and Studies, Flesh-corroding.
From Books and Men, St. EVREMOND and STEELE,
Lov'd

Lov'd Names and everlasting ! oft repair'd
 To fam'd DUCK-ISLAND, * Government desir'd,
 And with the feath'ry Habitants convers'd,
Hens, Ducks, and Geese, by crumbled Bread made
 And fatned for the Royal Board ; as erst [social,
 (So *Romish* Legends tell, and *Dupes* believe)
 With Gospel Food the † Father fed the *Fish*
 Esurient, and confirm'd them in the Faith ;
 Fit Dishes then for Table of the Saints !
 If Saints, Heav'n shrin'd, in Delicates delight,
 Sav'ry to *Priests*, and *Cardinals*, and *Popes*,
 All Maw-devoted, tho' in Spirit pure !
Heroes and Kings, Philosophers and Bards,
 Great Souls ! sometimes regale themselves, unbent,

* See the *Sine-Cure* : A Poetical Petition to the Right Honourable ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq; for the Government of DUCK-ISLAND in St. JAMES's Park.

† It is storied by *Popish* Writers, that when Men refused to hear and believe his Doctrine, the great St. ANTHONY of PADUA preach'd to a Congregation of *Fishes*, who greedily devour'd the Gospel, and were miraculously converted to the Faith. See ADDISON's Travels.

108 P O E M S

With low Diversions, vulgarly yclip'd
 Dishes of Romps. AGESILAUS, erst
 On *Hobby-Horse* astride, with Children dear,
 Was by th' Ambassadors of *Sparta* found,
 Surpriz'd ; but soon his Dignity resum'd.
 Transition strange, but nat'ral to the Great !
 SCIPIO and LÆLIUS, Noble, Brave, Polite,
 Sought Moments vacant ; and, with low Disport,
 Varied Retirement, and their Friendship crown'd :
 Oft on the Sea-shore would they gather *Shells*,
 Amusive ; and their Shape and Colour view ;
 As WOODWARD, curious Modern ! or Sir HANS,
 The unregarded Works of Nature eyes,
 Enamour'd ; and by Trifling grows a *Sage* !
 Trifling agreeable, by TULLY prais'd ,
 Stern CATO's self descended oft to Glee,
 Soul-cheering ; and, incellar'd with a Knot

Of

Of honest Friends, wou'd put the Bottle round
Frank and facetious. ROME's imperial Lord,
AUGUSTUS hight, with *Moorish* Boys vouchsaf'd
To play at *Marbles*, Rival Game of *Taw*,
By Moderns us'd ! sweet Relaxation That
From Government of all the World below.
But not among Amusements of the Great
Be nam'd DOMITIAN's Exercise with *Flies*,
Ridiculous, horrick. Far from Praise
Of hallow'd Muse be Princes and their Crimes,
To Virtue, Innocence, and Truth estrang'd,
Howe'er, by *Parasites* deceitful, hail'd.
Ev'n in their Gambols graceful are the Wise;
Their Condescensions elegant and lovely !
How amiable WALPOLE with his Friends,
His old, well-try'd, and honest Friends, retir'd
From publick State and Care ! whether a Pot

110 P O E M S

Of sober *Porter*, healthful *English* Drink,
 Or *Punch* more potent, he vouchsafe to taste,
 Social, good-humour'd ; or a Hunting rides,
 Easy and free, as rural *Squire*, unvers'd
 In Policy and Government Sublime.
 'Twould do one Good to see how I, ev'n I,
 Bred on *Parnassus*' Summit, condescend,
 In Stall of KILLINGSWORTH, to low Chit-chat,
 And, greatly humble, finger Threads and Wax,
 And Awl, like one in Arts of cobling skill'd !
 We God-like Minds disdain not abject State,
 By Virtue blest'd ; and are the more rever'd,
 The less tremendous we appear to Mortals.

Serv'd with clean Linnen, and with simple Fare,
 I'd rise from Table, or from verdant Turf,
 With Appetite to Study, or for Sport.

Variety,

Variety, and new-found Dishes, I
Not covet: They bring on a noxious Train
Of foul Diseases on the human Frame;
And Bodies, so affected, clog the Mind,
Dire Influence! and urge untimely Death.
Rather I'd glut my Soul with Heav'nly Truths,
And Nature's Store, than pamper mortal Flesh.
But most in Conversation wou'd I joy
With STUART, of Companions most refin'd!
Or thou, O WRIGHT, an *honest* Lawyer! vers'd
In Reason's School, shou'd'st entertain my Ear
With Sentiments of Freedom, *British* Boast;
And greedily thy Notions of the Priests,
In Craft accomplish'd, wou'd my Soul receive.
And, Oh! how charming there, with antient Times,
Oft to converse! Thy Trumpet, HOMER, now,
Now, OVID's Lute, shou'd vary my Delight.

Thy
†

Thy Judgment MARO, and the Sterling Wit
 Of HORACE, favourite Bard! thou'd raise my Mind
 To Rapture. And, when modern Names invite,
 BUCHANAN, deathless Bard! thou'd first engage
 My Reverence: SHAKESPEARE, SPENCER, MILTON,
 Nor Thee, harmonious COWLEY, wou'd I flight,
 Nor DRYDEN, thee: No better Strains I'd court,
 Nor better cou'd I find. Sometimes my self,
 By these inspir'd, wou'd string the gentle Lyre,
 Perhaps awake the Trumpet, and sublime
 My Strains, to Heav'n and to my Country due!

But, when Civility or just Respect
 Obliges me to visit honest Friends,
 Or neighbouring Dwellers, on a pacing Nag,
 Sober, I'd make a Tour to WINDSOR now,

And

And now to Uxbridge. Thy * calm Seat, O Booth,
Pride of the British Stage, I'd not pass by,
Tho' Dennis self, indignant, warn'd me thence.
Oft on the verdant Margin of the Stream,
That, circling flows, as Crystal clear, along
Th' exterior Bounds of thy Inclosures fair,
I'd walk transported ! while thy Silver Tongue,
More tuneful than the gently gliding Rills,
Thro' list'ning Ears, shou'd strike my ravish'd Soul,
And charm it into Extasie ! Nor wou'd
I pass thy Dwelling, O !-----, but that Rage
And Jealousy might seize thy manly Friend.
Me no base Thoughts possess : To shew Respect
Is all my Meaning. Shall a Bard not praise
The Beauty, Wit and Taste, he must admire ?

* Mr. Booth had a Country Seat at Cowley, which he has sold to Mr. Rich, since this Poem was writ.

114 P O E M S

Excellent *Address*, follow Nature still,
 Heedless of what the Cynick World can say.
 So, when soft VENUS conquer'd warlike MARS,
 And, curling in his Arms, by *Vulcan's* Net,
 Lay in dear Thralldom, every conscious God,
 Who call'd it Shame, his happy Station wish'd,
 And, in his Heart, pronounc'd it sweet Disgrace.

Thus wou'd I live, prepar'd for all Events
 Of Fortune, and for Change or Loss of Friends;
 For all below is vain, as Shadows fleet.
 And, when my merry Years and Days are gone,
 (For Piety itself cannot withstand
 Th' Approach of wrinkled Age, and certain Death,)
 I'd keep at Home, solicitous to drop
 Like Autumn Fruit, well-mellow'd, to the Earth,
 My kindred, and maternal Clay! at Peace

With

With Heav'n, my Conscience, and Mankind, at once
 Yet would I die before my Senses fail,
 Ere I grow irksom to my self and Friends,
 Without the Ceremony of a *Priest*,
 Or Form of a *Physician*. Rather may
 My Relatives invite to my Bed-Side
 Sage KILLINGSWORTH, to witness how I leave
 The World by him despis'd : Or let a Choir
 Of skill'd * *Musicians*, both for Voices fam'd,
 And Instruments select, attune my Soul,
 And on their Notes transport it to the Skies !
 How fitted then, I'd mix among the Saints !

* See the Ode on the Power of Musick, (first publish'd Anno Dom, 1710.) In which are these Lines;

— And when I die,
 For Love I bore to Harmony,
 May round my Bed a Sacred Choir
 Of skill'd Musicians sweep the Lyre;
 That, dying with the gentle Sounds,
 My Soul, well-tun'd, may rise,
 And break o'er all the common Bounds
 Of Minds, that grovel here below the Skies.

With MOSES, DAVID, CASIMIR, CARSTAIRS,
Musicians, Poets, Priests, and Kings, enthron'd,
Hymning, extatick, to th' Eternal's Praise !
And, if the Pow'r Almighty and All-wise
Approve my Wish, I shall not wail the Loss
Of visul Orbs ; tho', by thick Films suffus'd
And painful Weakness, much I dread the Fate
Of MILTON, who, with darken'd Eyes, but Mind
Illumin'd bright, in Verse unchim'd, the Dictates
Of Heav'n proclaim'd to Men, prodigious Bard !
When under Turf or Stone my Corps is laid,
(Both equal to me then !) I shall not care,
Nor know, what Men say of my Works and me.
Words are but Wind, in *Latin* or in *Greek*.
Yet for the Satisfaction of the Few,
Who wish my Memory well, may what is said
Be good, tho' little : I'd have honest Fame,

However

However small ! and let my noble STAIR,
 ARGYLE, or WALPOLE, HAMILTON, BALFOUR,
 Or LAUDERDALE, KILMOREY, or the King,
 (For *Poets* are the great Concern of all !
 And all to *Mitchell* Patrons are confess'd !)
 My sacred Bones deposite in the Isle,
 To *Bards* devoted ; and a decent Tomb,
 Near * PHILIPS, raise, with Epitaph deserv'd :
 Or, if in *Caledonian* Climes I drop,
 (For I not yet foresee my Place of Death)
 At † *Ratko*, mix'd with Kindred Clay, I'd rest
 Beneath a Marble Stone, inscrib'd 7. M.
 To tell Posterity whose Dust lies there.
 No richer Epitaph I court ! what Profit
 Cou'd studied Phrases bring my mouldring Part ?

* The Monument of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS in WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

† The Name of the *Parish* and *Village* where the Author was born
 in *North-Britain*.

118 P O E M S

And, for my Soul, it then wou'd have no Leisure,
Howe'er dispos'd in Realms of Bliss or Woe,
To mind what's written, or what Men might say.

Thus, in continu'd *Rhapsody*, I've sung,
Philippian Verse, unknowing ev'ry Line
What next wou'd follow : Inspiration strange !
Thus holy Men, in early Christian Times,
Careless of a To-morrow, took no Thought
What then might happen, and were bless'd of
[Heav'n.



EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE

TO THE

Spanish Fryar.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN, on *Saturday*,
May 2. 1725. In the Character of the
FRYAR.



RACE after Meat, is *decent*, Sirs, at
[least,
And who's so fit to say it, as a *Priest*?

----But there are scrup'lous Souls, I
[understand,
Who will not take a *Blessing* off my Hand.

'Tis true, according as I have been painted,

I'm not, as yet, prepar'd for being *Sainted*.

Yet, 'tis as true, some have been *Canoniz'd*,

Whose Wickedness was little more disguis'd.

Two *Blacks* indeed can never make a *White*,

Nor *others* Faults make *me* the more Upright.

I frankly own, I'm a sad Dog——By 'Trade,

A carnal Pimp, in pious Masquerade.

(And this Confession from a *Priest*, you'll say,

Is not a Thing that happens every Day.)

Sin is my *Business*, and my *Daily Bread*,

From People's *Vice* my *Benefits* proceed.

* 'Tis by their living *ill*, that I live *well*,

* And their Debauches these fat Paunches swell,

The Priest's a Fool, who is at Vice displeas'd——

Are Doctors vex'd to find Mankind diseas'd?

* But whether we be angry, Sirs, or civil,

* 'Tis a Mock-War betwixt us, and the Devil.

The Lines mark'd with a Star [*] are borrow'd from the Original Epiloguc.

At

At this my Doctrine, some may take Offence;
But *Lovers*, sure, are Folks of better Sense.

And, if *Intriguing* be the Good Old Way,
Then *Popery's* best, whate'er *Reformers* say,
At least, most pleasing, in this Month of *May*.

Whoe'er wou'd give a Loofe to *Nature*, come,
And revel in the Courts of *Love*, and *Rome*.

With us, *Love's Carnival* is still in Season,

And *Absolution* asks no Leave of Reason.

* *Gold* is the Word——bring *that*, and all goes
[well,

* There is no *Dives* in the *Roman Hell*.

There's no *Indulgence*, without ready *Rhino*,

That only makes our Blessings *Jure Divino*.

That rules the World, and puts Things in right
[Posture;

But—————

No *Pay*, no *Swiss*; no *Pence*, no *Pater-Noster*.

P O L T I S,

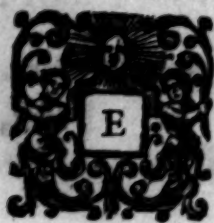


POLTIS, King of *Thrace*;

O R, T H E

Peace-Keeper:

A TALE, from PLUTARCH: Address'd to the
Powers of EUROPE, in the Year 1726.



R E *Europe's* Peace is broken quite,
Ere Fleets and Armies meet in Fight,
Ere Blood is spilt, and Treasure spent,
Ere Crowns are lost, and Kingdoms rent,
Ye jarring Powers, with Patience, hear
A Tale, from *Plutarch*, worth your Ear.

When *Greeks*, revengeful, had decreed
Against the *Trojans* to proceed,

"Twas

'Twas thought expedient to take in
What neighbouring Forces they cou'd win ;
That, by collected Rage and Strength,
The Town might be their own at length.

Ambassadors, among the rest,
To *Poltis* carried their Request.

The *Thracian*, tardy, as the *Dutch*,
Car'd not for War and Mischief much ;
But, warily, the Cause enquir'd
That had the *Grecian* Chiefs inspir'd
With hostile Fury——

'Twas told, with Circumstances strong,
That *Menelaus* suffer'd Wrong

From

124 P O E M S

From *Paris*, unprovok'd,---and how
 Th' Adulterers liv'd together now :
 But that, with his concurring Aid,
 They were not in the least afraid,
 But *Helen* shou'd be had again,
 And *Troy* laid level with the Plain.

He, good and wise ! the Matter weigh'd,
 And then, in peaceful Manner, said ;

- “ Is that your Quarrel ? That your Strife ?
 “ Is all this Pother for a Wife ?
 “ For shame, ye *Greeks*, your Anger stifle,
 “ Nor break the Peace for such a Trifle.
 “ What tho' the Rape was most injurious ?
 “ Consider, *Paris*' Love was furious.

“ 'Twas

- " 'Twas wrong the *Grecian* to supplant,
" And 'twere so, shou'd the *Trojan* want.
" Both must have Wives. Come,—I have two,
" And, for the Sake of Peace and you,
" (Tho' both are as belov'd by me,
" As Wives, in Conscience, ought to be)
" I'll one to that same *Trojan* send,
" And t'other to my *Grecian* Friend.
" If either of 'em shou'd again
" For want of Female Flesh complain,
" The Devil's in him. For my Part,
" I'm satisfy'd, with all my Heart ;
" And must be very sick of Life,
" When I take Cudgels for a Wife.

The *Greeks* despis'd those Ways and Means,
T'accommodate the Difference :

But,

But, headlong to the Battle rush'd,
And Ten long Years for Conquest push'd;
Lost many Pounds, and many Lives,
Worth twenty times as many Wives;
And, when, at last, the War was o'er,
What was it from the Field they bore?
Why, *Falstaff's* Honour, and a Whore!





A

Lilliputian O D E

O N

C L A R A ' s D O G .

I.



Little Hetty,

Kind and pretty,

CLARA'S Care!

O how rare

Charms like thine !

Sparks divine

Seem to shine

In thy Eyes,

Bright and wise.

}
There's

There's a Grace

In thy Face,

Which the Sages

Of all Ages

Might admire.

It would tire

POPE and GAY

To display

Such a Dog.

MOLLY MOG,

Rural Toast,

ENGLAND'S Boast,

And thy Foil,

With less Toil,

Was proclaim'd

By their Muses fair and fam'd.

Who

II.

Who wou'd not
Wish thy Lot !
To be kist,
And carest
By such Charms !
And in Arms,
So Divine,
Rest Supine
Every Night,
With Delight !
And at Board,
Like a Lord,
On a Chair
Great appear !

Or to lie
 Softly by,
 And be fed
 With the Bread
 And the Meats
 CLARA eats !
 Well attended,
 And defended
 By her Train,
 Maids and Men,
 Of so great an Honour vain !

III

What Distress
 Will possess
 And controul
 CLARA'S Soul,

When

When grim Death

Stops thy Breath!

Then a Crowd,

Crying loud,

To the Clay

Shall convey

Beauty gone:

And a Stone

Shall proclaim

Thy lov'd Name:

And a Verse

Shall rehearse

And shew forth

All thy Worth.

But no Art

Can impart

CLARA'S Grief!
Nor Relief
Can her Mind
Ever find,
While poor *Hetty*
Fills her Thoughts----and that's Pity.





THE
Vicar and Waggoner.

A Sunday CONVERSATION.



HUS to his Parish *Waggoner*, a *Priest*

His Soul's Resentment zealously ad-
[dressed—

“ How long, how long shall I beseech
[in vain?

“ How long of thy malignant Course complain?

“ Say what I can, thou, with uplifted Hand,

“ Wilt drive thy Waggon thro' the Fourth Com-
[mand.

“ O worse than *Jew*, or *Infidel*, or *Turk*,

“ Why, why, on *Sunday's*, dost thou dare to work!

“ Hop'st thou for Heav'n?---- The *Waggoner* said,
[Ay,
If there's no wicked Turnpike in the Way.

" Turnpike! (enrag'd the *holy Man* reply'd)

" 'Tis full of Turnpikes, and of Thorns beside.

" Yea, 'tis a narrow Path, a rugged Road----

Then, Sir, 'tis worse than e'er my Cattle trod :

Better to keep the Way, that's beat and broad.

" I tell Thee, *Waggoner*, the beaten Path,

" However easy, leads to certain Death.

I ne'er found that : but, Sir, what Toll's to pay?

" The Toll, (reply'd the *Priest*) is *fast and pray*.

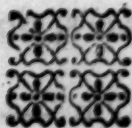
I can't afford to *fast* ; I can't indeed----

" Then you'll be damn'd, as sure as there's a

[Creed.

Ay, marry, rather than be fool'd by *Priests*

To *starve* my self, and *fade* my worthy Beasts.





Miss CHARLOTE at Church.

I.



MISS CHARLOTE just was Four Years old,

When first she went to Church,

Where first she saw, in a *white Sheet*,

A Woman at the Porch.

II.

“ *Mamma*, (she cry’d) why, all in *White*,

“ Stands this poor Woman here?

Because she is a naughty Jade,

And has done Ill, my Dear.

III.

Scarce said, when Parson C---- came,

Array’d in *Surplice* bright----

136 P O E M S

" Has he done Ill ? Is he too naught ?

" Or why, *Mamma*, in *White* ?

IV.

His Garment shews the Man of God

Is spotless all within----

" Ha ! can a Sheet at once be put

" For Sanctity and Sin ?

V.

Huffy, be hush ; you must believe,

And check such Notions wild----

But every Day makes it appear

You're *Dada's* own dear Child.





THE
TOTNESS
ADDRESS,
VERSIFIED.



Mong the many warm *Addresses*
Of *Mayors, Aldermen, Burgessees,*
And other People, truly Loyal,
(Who, now, their Zeal and Wits employ all,
To shew Your *Majesty*, that They
Resolve to *Do*, as well as *Say*)
We, Men of TOTNESS, DEVON, beg
Our *Liege*, to let us make a *Leg*,

And

And eke a Speech to daunt our Foes,
Where-e'er the LONDON-GAZETTE goes.

Imprimis, Sir, in Strain most humble,
We'd have you know how much we grumble,
At GERMANY and SPAIN, who durst
Unite----before they warn'd us first!
And might have (had we not found out
Their *Machinations*) brought about
A World of Woe to *You* and *Your Hope*,
To TOTNESS, BRITAIN, and to EUROPE.

Their Schemes, too black to be reveal'd,
And yet too true to be conceal'd,
Must strike, with terrible Surprise,
All People, who have Ears and Eyes;

When

When 'tis but known they were intended
 By *Princes*, we, so late, defended !
Princes, in whose *divided* Cause,
 All *Christendom* a Deluge was !
 But, now, *colleagu'd*, wou'd Matters jumble,
 And Treaties topsy-turvy tumble !
 Anticipate, the Conflagration,
 By setting Fire to every Nation !
 Tho' we, (*who made 'em*) go to Ruin----
 Did ever Mortals see such Doing ?

But vain are Menaces and Threats----
 Forsooth, we know their former Feats ;
 And value, like so many Posts,
Spanish ARMADA's, *German HOSTS* !
 Such scare-crow *Potentates* may vaunt,
 But not your valiant *Britons* daunt.

Alas !

140 P O E M S

Alas ! their whimsical Chimeras
 Can ne'er affright a *Land of Heroes* ?
 Especially, since *You*, no doubt,
 Have been at Pains to look sharp out ;
 And, timely, taken such wise Measures,
 As will *ensure* our Lives and Treasures.
 Then, there's your *Parliament*, so able ;
 And *Ministry*, incomparable,
 With Spirits, indefatigable !

But, most of all----now Blood is up----behold
 Your Men of DEVON, ever brave and bold !
 Bless us ! what *Heroes* has our *County* bred ?
 And how your *Royal Ancestors* have sped ,
 In like Conjunctions, by their gallant Aid ?
 We furnish'd DRAKE, a Man of mighty Fame !
 The Sons of SPAIN still tremble at his Name !

A. RALEIGH,

A RALEIGH, too, from *Devonshire* proceeded---
 But him we claim not---for he was *beheaded* !
 And, tho' the *Dorset* Gentry make a *Fuss*,
 CHURCHILL first breath'd the vital Air with *Us*---
 We mean great MARLBOROUGH, of immortal Story,
 (HOCHSTEDT's a Witness of this HERO's Glory)
 To whose sole Arm the *Empire* Safety owes,
 And its great *Head* his Victory o'er his Foes !
 True ; These are *Dust*---But some remain alive,
 Who to the *Devil* Your Enemies will drive.
 WAGER and HOSIER ! There's a *Brace of Tars* !
 Each more than NEPTUNE, and at least a MARS !
 We warrant it, they'll make the *Spaniards* mind 'em !
 And leave to Fishes many Feasts behind 'em !
 Besides, our *Burrough* to your *Senate* sends,
 A WILLS, among the bravest of Your Friends !

He,

He, Sir, ev'n He, who now *Presents our Speech*,
Your Foreign Foes Fidelity will teach.

Lord, how he scourg'd rebellious Rogues, at
[PRESTON!
Ay, that's a Proof he's one, whom you may rest on!

Take but *our Words*, and give him *Chief Command*,
OSTEND shall sink, and GIBRALTAR shall stand.

But, lest you think, Sir, this is *Rant*,
Nothing but *Bamm*, and empty *Cant*,
We, honest, hearty Cocks are willing,
Per Pound Land Tax to pay FOUR SHILLING;
Nay, with such Cheerfulness allow it,
We'll toss the other SIXTEEN to it;
Tho' we should mortgage Lands and Houses,
And eke our Children and our Spoufes.
Moreover, we'll most frankly part
With all we have, with all our Heart,

Rather

Rather than let our *Faith's Defender*
 Be bullied, by a base *Pretender*—
 A spurious, *Popish* Brat, abjur'd
 By all of Loyalty assur'd !
 If this we did in sober Sadness,
 What mayn't we do when rous'd to Madness ?
 We vow and swear, by Life's great Giver,
 To fight him to our *longest Liver* ;
 And, when our *longest Liver's* dead,
 Our *Ghosts* shall haunt Him, in our stead,
 And fill his Coward-Soul with Dread !

This Resolution we have taken,
 That, warn'd, He may preserve his Bacon ;
 Or shou'd he ever chance to win
 A bloody Battle, and come in ;

(Which

(Which Heav'n forbid shou'd ever be !)

Know, by these present Lines, that we

Affure Him, he'll be *fairly bit*,

And, on your Throne, unkingly fit ;

When none is left for such a TARTAR

To head, and hang, and draw, and quarter !

And now, Sir, to conclude our *Speech*,

And shew we *pray*, as well as *preach*,

We've clubb'd an *Hymn*, and cordial given

Our Cares, in humble *Staves*, to HEAVEN.

I.

“ GOD prosper well our noble *King*,

“ Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* all !

“ May Peace, and Truth, and Wit, and Wealth,

“ The BRITONS brave befall !

II. “ Late,

II.

“ Late, very late, may our good *Liege*

“ A *Heavenly Crown* obtain !

“ And eke his Royal House ne’er want

“ A *Prince*, so fit to reign !

III.

“ O may our Happiness, so rare,

“ To future Times go down !

“ Let all the People say, *Amen* !

“ *Amen*, says TOTNESS Town !





E P I T A P H

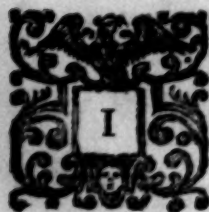
O N

R O G E R S I Z E R,

Of GREAT ABINGTON, in the

County of CAMBRIDGE, Esq;

Who, having been bred under Sir STEPHEN FOX, was early preferr'd to considerable Posts; and, upon the Revolution, made *Paymaster* of King WILLIAM's Army Abroad, for several Years; and afterwards *Treasurer* of the Chamber; till the Accession of Queen ANNE; when he retir'd to his Country Seat, where he serv'd as Deputy *Lieutenant* of the County, *Captain* of the Militia, and one of His Majesty's *Justices* of the Peace, till his Death. *Anno Dom.* 1726. *Æt.* 66.



F Skill in Business, Honour, Health,

Courage and Bravery, Pow'r and

[Wealth,
Candour and Truth, cou'd Mortals
[save—

Then SIZER had not grac'd the Grave.

All

All that was Manly, Generous, Great,

Made *His* a Character compleat !

The Force of Virtue cou'd not mend,

In *Him*, the *Patriot* and the *Friend* !

---Yet, ah ! how earthly Glories fade !

Ev'n *He* is low and silent laid ;

And scarce, but in Records of Fame,

By Verse preserv'd, a living Name !

---What then may *vulgar* Souls expect

But Death, Oblivion, and Neglect ?





E P I T A P H

O N

Madam *MARIA JANE*,

The Widow of

ROGER SIZER, Esq;

A *French* Lady of uncommon Accomplish-
ments, both of Mind and Person, who
dy'd *Anno Dom.* 1727. *Æt.* 65.



F Beauty, Humour, Knowledge, Sense,

And Wit, had prov'd a sure Defence

Against the Darts of conquering Death,

MARIA had not yielded Breath.

----Ye fair ones, tremble at the News----

Since she, so worthy of the Muse,

So

So well accomplish'd, nought cou'd save,
 ---How shall ye scape the gaping Grave?
 How leave an everlasting Name,
 Unless, like *Her*, ye merit Fame?
 ---But, ere appears, among your Kind,
 Her Match, in Person and in Mind,
 The Marble Monuments shall break,
 And she, with Charms immortal, wake.





A N
O D E

Occasion'd by the
Last WILL and DEATH of Madam *SIZER*.

I.



HAT Credit shall my Muse obtain?
Who will believe I more than feign?
When, weeping o'er MARIA's Hearse,
I strow around my melancholy Verse?
She gave me Fortune, left me her sole Heir,
Dispell'd my Doubts, controul'd Despair,
And cur'd at once my Care.

She

on several Occasions. 151

She did all this—and yet I mourn,
Inceffant o'er her sacred Urn,
And wish, in vain, she cou'd to Life return,

II.

Tho' Youth and Beauty long were fled,
Ere she was number'd with the Dead;
Tho' she had ceas'd to charm the Eye,
I wish'd she might not quickly die:
And now, to her dear Memory Just,
Revere her hallow'd Dust;
Nor think I can enough her Worth proclaim,
And pay due Honours to her valued Name.

III.

How can I e'er forget?
Or when discharge my Debt
To one, whose Love and Zeal, for me,
Disinterested were, and free?

152 P O E M S

What had I done to merit and engage
 The Grace and Bounty of experienc'd Age ?
 To move a Mind, for noble Sense renown'd,
 To pass her Kindred and her Country by,
 Neglect a Crowd of old Companions round,
 And on a Stranger set a Price so high ?

IV.

Was it because I had a Share
 Of thy Esteem, my Patron STAIR ?
 To WALPOLE'S Favour owe I *hers* ?
 Or was she captiv'd by my Verse ?
 Was sweet OPHELIA the engaging Cause
 Of all her Goodness and Applause !
 Or, generous and unprompted, did she chuse
 Her Heir, for his own Sake, and for his Muse ?

Whate'er

Whate'er the Motive of her Love,
O let me not ingrateful prove!
Indelible may her Idea last,
In my most faithful Breast;
Or, when I drop Remembrance of her Name,
My Hand its Cunning lose, my Muse her Fame.

V.

No; from my grateful Heart
Her Image ne'er can part.
Each Place she visited and lov'd,
Whate'er she prais'd or disapprov'd;
Persons and Things which she held dear,
But most her *Picture*, ever near
My Sight, will keep her in my Mind,
Preserve the deep Impression made,
As if they were by her *Last Will* design'd
To Guarantee my Reverence for her Shade.

VI.

Condemn me not, Companions, now,

If penfive I shou'd grow.

Say not I'm full of Worldly Care,

And anxious how to use my Store ;

Nor wish I had not been her Heir,

But still Poetically Poor——

They need to know my Spirit more,

Who think that Avarice dwells there.

'Tis Thought of what MARIA was,

And what sad Loss I now sustain,

That puts me in this wretched Case,

And keeps alive my Pain.

What she cou'd do, she did for me ;

And I despair, among her Sex, to see

One so accomplish'd, so Divine, as she.

VII. Boast

VII.

Boast not, ye Beaus and Fops profane,
Of Favours from the Fair ;
What Boon, what Blifs did e'er ye gain,
That might with mine compare ?
What boots your momentary Joys ?
Your Pleasure, that in Tasting, cloy's !
What is it Beauty e'er bestows
Equal to what from Friendship flows ?
Feast on the Sex's fancied Charms ;
Go, riot in their fond and folding Arms---
Be it my Pride, that one, who knew
The World, and look'd it thro' and thro',
Cou'd judge of Books and Men aright,
The fairest once, and always most polite !

That

That she, regardless of the Crowd,
On me her envied Favours all bestow'd.
This Thought, amid my Sorrow, gives me Ease,
And never fails to please,



RATHO;



R A T H O;
A
P O E M
T O T H E
K I N G.



The first of the series



and many other poems

R A T H O

A

P O E M

TO THE

K I N G



R A T H O



T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
C H A R L E S
E a r l o f L a w d e r d a l e ,

*Lord Lieutenant and High-Sheriff
of Edingburghshire ; Master-Ge-
neral of His Majesty's Mint in
Scotland ; One of the Lords of
Police ; Superior of the Parishes
of Ratho, &c.*

My L O R D,



HAVE address'd this Poem to His
Majesty, who alone can answer
the End for which it was chiefly
compos'd. But I can't neglect so fair an
Opportunity of paying my dutiful Respects
to
†

to your *Lordship*, whose noble Family has, for many Centuries, held the Superiority of the Place I have attempted to Sing.

As the good People of *RATHO*, in general, will rejoyce to see this Piece of Justice and Gratitude paid you, whom they have so much Reason to honour and love; so it will be a sensible Satisfaction to my Kindred, in Particular, who have had so many Instances of your Kindness, and are so truly devoted to your Service. As for my own Part, no Pleasure can equal That, which I feel in making you this Acknowledgment of Obligations and Esteem, but the Joy which would inspire me to behold our *King* making an actual Progress through our *Country*, and conferring Marks of his Royal Favour on the antient *City* of *RATHO*, and the noble Family of *LAWDERDALE*.

But whether my Muse may hereby contribute to this desired End, and prove the Means of procuring Blessings to my *Birth-Place* and native *Country*, I have Occasion to display her generous Sentiments and Power. Perhaps too, your *Lordship* may feel

feel a Pleasure in observing what Improvement She has made of the Advantages of her Education. I should indeed be ashamed of her Performances, when I reflect on what She owed so early to the noble *Translator* of VIRGIL, your *Lordship's* Uncle, Earl *Richard*. Inspir'd by his immortal Works, more might have been expected of mine. How then shall I answer it to your *Lordship* and all the World, that, from the Patronage of your great *Father*, Earl JOHN, under which my Infancy was cherish'd and my Genius form'd, I have made so little Progress in *Arts*, and advanc'd so slowly to *Fame* !

I am unwilling to be particular in mentioning my Debt to your *Lordship's* self, lest I should Transgress in the distasteful Style of common *Dedications* : But must beg leave to assure you, that, tho' I was not permitted to be a *Priest*, I pray as heartily for your Happiness, as any one in the *Presbytery* does, who is paid for his Piety ! And, if I may be permitted to Prophecy, (a Liberty always granted to *Poets*) I promise and foretel, that, from your *Lordship's*

ship's happy Conjunction with the fair and virtuous Daughter of the great *Earl* of FINDLATOR and SEAFIELD, will issue a Race, in whom will be blended the Perfections of both illustrious Lines, to qualify them to fill the important Places of *King's high Commissioner, Secretary of State, and Chancellor of the Nation*; Places, which his living *Lordship* has adorn'd; and which, in former Times, were adorn'd by half a Dozen of your own Ancestors, almost in an uninterrupted Hereditary Succession.

O may they, blest with every blooming Grace,
With equal Steps the Paths of Glory trace,
Join to their Ancestors a rival Name,
And shine like them in brightest Spheres of Fame,
The fairest Patriots of the honour'd *North*!
And first in Pow'r, because the first in Worth!

But, my Lord, tho' my *Muse* pleases herself, at a Distance, with this glorious reversionary Prospect of your Posterity's Greatness and Felicity, I shall not live
long

Earl of Lawderdale. 163

long enough to record their Actions and celebrate their Lives ; which is a Misfortune I feel as sensibly, as perhaps MOSES did, when from Mount *PISGAH*'s Summit, he saw the promis'd Land, but cou'd not enter there with the Tribes of *ISRAEL*. However, to my last Breath, I will be, with my best Wishes and Services,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Faithful

and Devoted

LONDON,
April 4th, 1728.

MITCHELL.

M 2

THE



THE
P R E F A C E.



WISH I could introduce the following Poem to your Favour, by an apter and more entertaining Preface, than this most Most humble Address and Petition of the Inhabitants of RATHO to the King's most excellent Majesty : But, as it gave my Muse the Hint, so it affords a clear Idea of the Work : It represents, at once, the true Sense of that good and loyal People, and the Reasons that give a sort of Sanction to the Novelty and Oddness of my Composition.

DREAD SOVEREIGN,

“ Into the large Offering of Condolance and
“ Congratulation made by your dutiful Subjects,

“ on the sudden Decease of our late gracious
“ King, your Royal Father, of blessed Memory,
“ and your Majesty’s peaceful Accession to the
“ Imperial Throne of these Realms, may we,
“ the Inhabitants of *RATHO*, in NORTH-
“ BRITAIN, be permitted to throw our humble
“ Mite ?

“ Tho’ this our Place of Residence has, Time
“ out of mind, been no less defenceless for want
“ of Walls, Bulwarks, Garrisons, and Arms,
“ than destitute of the Charters, Privileges, and
“ Benefits, which Royal Authority has bestow’d
“ on many less ancient Towns, Burroughs, and
“ Cities, of our Fellow Subjects ; yet, being
“ equally interested in the publick Sorrows and
“ Joys of our King and Country, we judge it
“ our Duty to appear concern’d in the Crowd of
“ loyal *Addressees* on this remarkable Event.

“ Nor can we despair of your Majesty’s gra-
“ cious Regard and Protection (notwithstanding
“ our inconsiderable Persons, Properties, and Ap-
“ pearance) when we think of our lawful Share
“ in the common Blessings, which the *Magna*
“ *Charta* and *Acts of Parliament* in general, and
“ your Majesty’s early *Declaration* and gracious
“ *Speeches* in particular, have intail’d and ensur’d
“ to the meanest, as well as the greatest, of your
“ *British* Subjects.

“ And, if it were not too much Presumption
“ in People of our Condition, to represent our
“ honest Pretensions to the Royal Grace, and
“ assert the Liberty of Petitioning for it, we
“ might

P R E F A C E. 167

“ might hope from your Majesty’s great Wis-
 “ dom, Goodness, and Power, that ruin’d
 “ *RATHO*, our native Seat, shall regain all the
 “ happy Circumstances, that contribute to exalt
 “ rural Villages into royal Burroughs, and di-
 “ stinguish Lordly Cities, from Towns of Plebeian
 “ Figure.

“ But, passing the Boast we might make of
 “ what our Place was, and our Predecessors were,
 “ in Times of old ; (for *vix ea nostra*) we beg
 “ leave only to say what we ourselves are, and
 “ have done, to engage your Majesty to restore
 “ our *JERUSALEM*, and make it a Praise
 “ among our Neighbours, and through the whole
 “ Earth.

Besides, that we are a People of one Heart and
 “ one Mind, in Matters of Faith and Conscience;
 “ we are unanimously attach’d, without mental
 “ Equivocation or secret Reservation, to the
 “ *Protestant Succession* in your august Family ; and
 “ accordingly, did voluntarily, with no less Bra-
 “ very than Zeal, appear a warlike Militia in
 “ Time of the late unnatural Rebellion. We
 “ have also, on all Occasions before and since,
 “ maintain’d the Rights and Honour of the *Re-*
 “ *volution* Establishment ; and never grudg’d our
 “ Proportion of Taxes, nor scrupled to hazard
 “ our Lives and Fortunes in the Service of our
 “ King and Country. Moreover, we cannot
 “ help boasting, that we were the very *first* So-
 “ ciety, or Assembly of People in *NORTH-*
 “ *BRITAIN*, who, upon receiving the News

“ of his late Majesty’s Death, did proclaim, at
“ our *RAME-STONE*, your Majesty’s right-
“ ful Title and happy Accession to the Throne,
“ with perfect Accord of Heart and Tongue.
“ When your Majesty allows these Considera-
“ tions a Place in your Royal Thoughts, there
“ is no doubt but you will be graciously pleased
“ to favour us with some Mark of your Benefi-
“ cence——such as a *Charter*, constituting us
“ really what we now are only in Idea and De-
“ fire——or a yearly *Fair* and weekly *Market*, to
“ bring Money and Meat among us——or a *Turn-*
“ *pike* and *Toll*, for Reparation of our Streets and
“ Walls, which, alas ! lie buried, like those of
“ *TROY*——or whatsoever else your Majesty, in
“ your great Goodness, Wisdom, and Power,
“ shall think fit ; that, with increased Zeal and
“ Loyalty, we, your faithful Folks of *RATHO*,
“ may persevere in praying for all Blessings to
“ your sacred Majesty, our most gracious Queen
“ *CAROLINE*, your Royal Issue, and all the
“ Rest of the Royal Family ; and that, when it
“ shall please your Majesty to make a Progress in
“ this Part of your Dominions, (which doubtless
“ your Majesty would find for your Interest as
“ well as ours) we may be in a Condition to re-
“ ceive and entertain your Majesty’s Court hand-
“ somly (as in Duty bound) as well as enabled
“ to hold out manfully against all *Pretenders* and
“ Adversaries, who may at any Time make
“ bold to invade or besiege us. *Amen.*

Having

P R E F A C E. 169

Having thus presented you, Readers, with the Grounds and Reasons of this Poem, I might, in the next Place, tell you, that the End of it is the Honour and Interest of my native Country! But, without making any such Apology, I take my leave, with a Quotation of Mr. PRIOR's Preface to SOLOMON, as being a-propos to my Purpose and my Principle, viz. " I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best Poet, or greatest Scholar, that ever wrote.



R A T H O;

PRELACE

It is a pleasure to me to have the opportunity of presenting to you this little volume, which I have written for the purpose of giving you a general idea of the principles of the art of writing, and of the various methods which have been employed by the ancients and moderns. I have endeavored to make it as plain and simple as possible, and to give you such information as may be useful to you in the study of the art. I have also endeavored to give you a general idea of the various methods which have been employed by the ancients and moderns. I have endeavored to make it as plain and simple as possible, and to give you such information as may be useful to you in the study of the art.



A. A. T. H. O.



RATHO;

A

POEM.

*Nescio qua natale Solum Dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non finit esse sui !*

OVID.



SING of RATHO. Help me to
[relate
Its past, its present, and its future State,
Ye Pow'rs celestial ; and enroll, in
[Fame,
The Lays inscrib'd to GEORGE's sacred Name.
And thou, dread *Monarch*, deign a kind Regard---
Thy Smiles are Sanction, and thy Praise Reward.

For

For These I bend; for These permit my Pray'r;
With These, propitious, crown thy *Servant's* Care;
If e'er the *Muse* afforded Thee Delight,
If e'er a *Bard* found Favour in thy Sight.

West from EDINA----*Caledonian* Pride,
And Wonder of the neighbouring World beside!--
A champion Country, hedg'd on every Hand
With stately Hills, adorns the *Lothian* Land;
By Nature form'd to give the *Muse* Delight,
Inspire her Rapture, and her Verse invite.

Tho' here no Cedar tow'rs its ample Head;
No spicy Gums and Frankincense are spread;
No clustering Vines and rich Pomegranates glow;
No limpid Streams of Milk and Honey flow;

Tho'

Tho' the blue Fig and yellow Olive fail,
And blushing Peaches shun the Wint'ry Gale :
Yet here, uncurst with Skies inclement, Groves
For Contemplation, and Repose, and Loves ;
Corn, Plants, and Flowers, of native Product, spring ;
Fish glad the Streams, and Birds harmonious sing ;
Hawks, Hounds, and Guns, have here unbounded
And eager Sportsmen crown their rural Hope ;
[Scope;
Here bleating Flocks and lowing Herds abound ;
And sweet Content spreads Happiness around.

But (so Heaven's Will, all-governing, ordain'd)
Unprais'd for Ages has this Scene remain'd,
Unknown to modern *Bards*, or by them scorn'd,
And, now, too late, by MITCHELL's self adorn'd,
Tho' none so dear, so lovely in his Sight
Of all the Lands, the Sun o'erspreads with Light !

Thus

Thus *Trojan* Tow'rs in Ashes long had lain,
 Ere HOMER's Verse restor'd their Pride again,
 And with immortal Glory rais'd the Slain.

But *Sages*, more discerning, saw this Seat,
 They saw and chose it for a calm Retreat,
 Before the World confest the *Christian* Name,
 Or ALBION knew the *Greek* and *Roman* Fame!
 Here hoary *Hermits* first Possession took,
 And, greatly good, their All for Heav'n forfook!
 Here self taught *Bards* from Nature Knowledge
 Look'd past, and present, and the future thro',
 Sung sacred Things, and sacred were confest,
 Their Minds and Morals of all Men the best!
 Here venerable *Druids*, with Renown,
 Transmissive, Truths Historic handed down,

The

The Will of Fate oraculous explain'd,
 And by their Lives immortal Honours gain'd !
 Here constant Vows by *Travellers* were paid,
 Where holy Horrors solemniz'd a Shade !
 And *Courtiers*, weary of the World, were found
 In Greens embow'ring, or on Banks embrown'd !
 At last, so famous grew the sacred Place,
Heroes and *Kings* resolv'd to give it Grace---
 First, with a glorious Principle inspir'd,
 To follow Nature from the Crowd retir'd,
 In Groves and Grotto's of the silent Wood,
 Observ'd the Duties of the Wife and Good ;
 Till, by Degrees of humble Blessings cloy'd,
 Blessings possess'd, and not alike enjoy'd !
 They let in Pomp and Noise, and Innocence de-
 [stroy'd

Among

Among th' Admirers of this beauteous Scene,
Shone *RATHO* fair, a famous *Pictish Queen*,
Ere *Scottish* Power o'erthrew her Nation's State,
And made that People Fugitives of Fate.
Fond of the Mountains, Vallies, and the Woods,
The Meads and Dales, the Forests and the Floods,
(For these, in those far distant Ages, grac'd
This rural Seat, and every where were prais'd!)
Romantic, she converts a lovely Bow'r,
Her favourite Mansion! to a Royal Tow'r,
Which, gathering by Degrees, a *City* grew,
(So Legends tell, and what they tell is true)
A *City*, known in early Times to Fame,
The *Lothian* Boast, and *RATHO* was its Name;
A Name from *RATHO*, *Pictish Queen* renown'd,
And to this Day with Veneration own'd!

Now

Now Walls and Bulwarks for Defence were rear'd,
Columns, and Spires, and Palaces appear'd !
Domes crowd on Domes, and Fanes with Temples
And Courts and Castles tire the wondering Eye !
High o'er the rest th' imperial Structure shone,
Antique the Building, but of burnish'd Stone !
Along the middle Street; from End to End,
A limpid Stream did cooling Comfort lend,
Whence the great *Cross* of solid Rock took Name,
And to this Day is styl'd the *RATHO-RAME*.
Like *BABEL-Tow'r*, it grac'd a rising Ground,
Center of all *Rathonian Domes* around !
From whose broad Base, so wonderful to tell,
A sacred Fluid, call'd the *RAME-STONE WELL*,
Incessant flow'd, with various Virtues blest,
But most with Health and Joy to the Distrest !

178 POEMS

Around whose verdant Borders oft were seen
 The Moonlight Gambols of a *Fairy Queen*,
 With her gay Train, (as *Legends* tell) in green:
Her all rever'd, as *Genius* of the Stream,
 Much was she prais'd, and *LADA* was her Name.

Here first my Mind from Nature Knowledge
 Thro' gross Effects their mystic Causes fought;
 Explor'd the Wonders too refin'd for Sense,
 And Order found too regular for Chance.
 Here first my Youth, with love of Song possess'd,
 Felt heavenly Fire, and was with Visions blest;
 Here, Studious, first unlock'd the ancient Store,
 And Spoils of Learning from the *Classicks* bore.
 Here too, alas! in youthful Days, my Heart
 Was first transfix'd with *Love's* almighty Dart;

And

And here my *Muse* first plain'd the mighty Woe
 My Soul first knew, and evermore must know—
 The best of Brothers and of Friends inhum'd,
 When fresh his Virtues with Life's Vigour bloom'd!
 Untimely snatch'd from these admiring Eyes,
 Whose Image ever to my Thought must rise!
 O! while his Spirit, mix'd with social Saints,
 Estrang'd to Sorrow, and above Complaints,
 The Earnest of eternal Bliss enjoys,
 (Till, from the Dust his kindred Ashes rise,
 And with it, perfect, gain Empyrean Skies;
 May guardian *Angels* faithful Vigils keep
 Around the Tomb, where now these Ashes sleep!
 May no dire Horrors of a Shade surround,
 Nor mortal Hands disturb, the sacred Ground!
 When shall the *Virtues*, *Loves* and *Graces* find
 A purer Body for so pure a Mind?

When, when have Cause to tend another Urn,
And, for a truer, dearer, Votary mourn?

But human Blessings are precarious still,
And Time must Nature's great Behests fulfil.
Thro' Length of Years minutest Things grow great,
And highest Glories feel Reverse of Fate.
Thrice happy *RATHO*, had it still remain'd
A City, or its natural Charms retain'd!
But Pict's o'ercome, soon dwindled antient Pride,
And what the Conquerors left it, Time destroy'd!

Scarce can our Eyes, with curious Search, behold
The sunk Foundations of the *Walls* of old!
We can but guess where stood the Imperial *Dome*,
Long, long engulph'd in Earth's capacious Womb!

Hardly

Hardly the sacred *Temples* can be trac'd,
 And glitt'ring *Spires* for ever lie disgrac'd!
 The RAME-STONE, once a Monument so high,
 Piercing thro' Clouds and gaining on the Sky,
 Now, mouldring, scarce a Yard of Length retains,
 The Prey of ever-wasting Winds and Rains!
 And the clear *Stream*, that gently roll'd along,
 In antient Times, the *Bards* and *Lovers* Song,
 Now, mix'd with Mud, ignobly Passage makes,
 Or, here absorpt, another Channel takes!
 Where beauteous *Bridges* arch'd aloft before,
 And *Pleasure Boats* row'd by from Door to Door,
 Vile Steps of Stone and Logs of Wood appear,
 And fordid Fragments tumble all the Year!
 The sacred *Well* the common Lob partakes—
 Health-giving Virtue now its Spring forsakes!

For vigorous RAME (as ancient *Bards* rehearse
 In venerable Tales and antique Verse)
 Enamour'd, stole on *LADA's* gentle Charms,
 Mix'd with her Soul, and melted in her Arms:
 She, all abash'd, the blushing Scene forsook,
 And, with her Train, in PLETT a Refuge took---
 PLETT! hospitable Height of Land, where I,
 (As FLAMSTEAD erst from GREENWICH) gaz'd the
 [Sky;
 Oft, in my Youth, my happier Days, alone,
 Or with a Friend, the rolling Orbs, that shone
 Distant, like twinkling Tapers in the Night,
 Observ'd with curious Wonder and Delight;
 And oft, the Blessings of a private State
 Admiring, learnt Compassion for the Great,
 For ever fam'd and sacred be thy Sides,
 O Hill, whence *LADA* weeps her silver Tides;

Like *HELICON*, inspiring be the Tears,
 And let the *Well* immortal live in Verse,
 Her *WELL*, where, oft o'ercharg'd with amorous
 My swelling Heart has taught my Eyes to flow, [Woe,
 As *STLVIA* coy, or *CELIA* false I sung,
 Or, all untun'd, my Harp on Willows hung.

But, *Muse*, a Veil of dark Oblivion cast
 On thy fond Master's various Sufferings past;
 No Image of long-finish'd Grief recall---
 ---*OPHELIA* more than makes Amends for all.

Of antient *RATHO*, rear'd with Cost and Pain,
 How few and wretched Monuments remain!
 Sometimes the Plough, from Fields adjacent, tears
 The Limbs of Men, and Armour broke with Years;

184 P O E M S

Sometimes a Medal, all effac'd, is found,
 And mouldring Urns are gather'd from the Ground:
 But who, ah ! who, can decent Honours pay,
 Or sep'rate Vulgar from Imperial Clay?
 Dire Fate of Mortals ! *Cottagers* and *Kings*
 Promiscuous lie, alike unheeded Things !
 Destroying Time and the devouring Grave
 Alike confound the *Coward* and the *Brave* !
 Distinction's lost ! no Marks of State adorn !
 And *RATHO* looks, like *TROY*, a Field of Corn !
 Yet, as in th' Ark the chosen *NOAH* fail'd,
 When o'er the World the pouring Floods prevail'd ;
 So still some Remnants of primæval Grace,
 From blank Oblivion, save th' imperial Place :
 Some true Traditions, in the Country known,
 In spite of Time, are handed careful down.

Tho'

Tho', with its *Walls* and *Battlements*, are lost,
 All the *Records* th' Inhabitants cou'd boast,
 Among the *Lothian* Seats shines *RATHO's* Name,
 And its *new* People burn with *antient* Flame.
 As Generations in their Course decay,
 (*This* flourishing, when *That* is past away)
 The wither'd Leaf of pristine Glory falls,
 And Buds of Virtue croud the modern Walls—
 A simple, frugal, hospitable Race,
 With little Wealth, but Revenues of Grace,
 To Labour bred, without Ambition brave,
 Chearful of Heart, and pleas'd with what they have!

As needy *Peasants* destin'd to reside
 Remote from Neighbours, in a Desert wide,
 Studious to save what Human Wants require,
 In Embers heap'd preserve the sacred Fire ;

So true *RATHONIANS*, with unwearied Pains,
 Trace ancient Paths, and dig for old Remains,
 Their *Predecessors* Merit keep alive,
 And, to be like Them, ever-labouring strive.
 From *Them* the curious Stranger now may hear
 How Men of old were summon'd far and near,
 Compleat in Arms, at *RATHO-RAME* t' appear!
 How *RENFREW*, *RUGLIN*, *GIVIN*, *GLASGOW*, *TOWNS*
 Far distant, answer'd on *Rathonian* Downs!
 How fair *EDINA* was design'd to rise
 Where now in Ruins antient *RATHO* lies?
 What circling Castles, Palaces, and Tow'rs,
 Burroughs, and Cities, Villages, and Bow'rs,
 From *GOGAR* gay to *HATTON*'s lofty Spires,
 And all around to *NORTON* and the *BYRES*
 Of *RATHO* held, to *RATHO* Homage paid,
RATHO, that o'er the Rest its Head display'd
 High,

High, (as the Mountain Oak, or stately Pine,
O'ertops the prickly Thorn, or Ivy-clasping Vine.

But not alone from *History* something fav'd
Shews what *it* was, and how *their* Sires behav'd—
Let *Roman Walls* and *Monuments* declare,
And what once *were* be known from Things that *are*.
Ah! had no Strife and Fury broke between,
The Scors and Picts triumphant still had been,
And modern Ages antient *RATHO* seen!

Yet Hope remains--as when the Mountain's Head
With scowling Shadows all around is spread,
Sudden the Lightning with a flashing Ray,
Bursts thro' the Darknefs, and lets down the Day;
So ruin'd *RATHO* shall regain Renown,
By Royal Bounty of the *British* Crown.

The Time will come (a Tale Prophetic says)

But, ah! how distant! when a Sprig of Bays,

From Reliques of a sacred Wreath shall spring,

And round the Royal-Oak devoutly cling:

The Royal-Oak will condescend t' embrace

The gentle Sprig, and shield and shade the Place.

" This (says Tradition) shews a Bard will rise,

" In future Time, where now another lies!

" His Lays will charm inexorable Fate,

" And move a Monarch to restore the State

" Of RATHO.

S I R E,

The Monarch art not Thou?

And am not I the Bard, who humbly bow?

What modern Muse, but mine, from RATHO

And to what King, but Thee, has MITCHELL sung?

Tho'

Tho' born of Blood, by long disastrous Fate,
Debarr'd the Glories of the vulgar Great ;
Yet this my Boast, my *Birth-Place* was a Doom,
Where stood of old a *Temple* and a *Tomb* !
What store of hallowed Bone and sacred Clay
Beneath my Bed and infant Cradle lay !
Deep in the Reliques took my *Laurel* Root,
And o'er the Ruins did my Branches shoot,
Branches, that now with pious Duty greet
The *Royal-Oak*, and bloom about his Feet !
Now, shall another *Monarch* be that *Oak*,
Of which the *Sage*, with Soul illumin'd, spoke ?
Forbid it, Heav'n, that any *Prince* beside
To *RATHO* should restore its pristine Pride.
Leave not, O gracious *Sire*, so great a Thing,
So vast a Glory, to a future *King*.

Be

†

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Be it, my Master, be it only *thine*,
At MITCHELL'S Suit, to make his *RATHO* shine.

When *ALEXANDER*, in Atchievements great,
Had broke alike the *Theban* Pow'r and State ;
Entering the Town, he bad his Soldiers spare ;
“ For PINDAR's sacred dwelling Place was there !
And, for the sake of SOPHOCLES's *Muse*
ATHENS obtain'd the Conqueror's Excuse !
Thus SYRACUSE, so long defended, lost,
The brave MARCELLUS charg'd his *Roman* Host,
“ Not to revenge the Nation's Blood and Strife
“ On venerable ARCHIMEDE's Life !
So, when ULYSSES round his Vengeance spread,
And all who wrong'd their absent Lord lay dead ;
When ev'n LIODES, *Priest* and *Augur*, fell,
PHEMIUS, who drank of the *Pierian* Well,

PHEMIUS,

PHEMIUS, the sweet, the Heav'n-instructed *Bard*,
Alone was, for his sacred Virtues, spar'd !

Such Instances let others boast and praise---
My *Leige* will do more Honour to my Lays ;
Not barely save the Place where I was born,
But with superior Pow'r and Grace adorn.

'Tis done---Behold, th' ideal *Muse* can see
A City built by *GEORGE*'s great Decree !
What Domes and Tow'rs their lofty Summits rear !
How Temples shine, and crowded Courts appear !
Distinct in Rows, where-e'er my Eyes I turn,
Columns amidst a Blaze of Glory burn !
What ample Gates ! and how, with airy Mounds,
A Strength of Wall the guarded City bounds !

Old *RAME* afresh forsakes his oozy Bed,
Again, envigour'd, lifts his azure Head !
See, from his Urn, he pours the silver Stream,
Again the *Poet's* and the *Lover's* Theme !
Bridges and Boats for Pleasure crown the Scene,
And ne'er was *RATHO* known so sweet and clean !

Thus when of *SALEM* sage *HAGGAI* foretold
That its new *Temple* should exceed the old,
'Twas done—for *Herod's* Bounty gave it more
Magnificence, than e'er it had before !

How glorious this Reverse of Fortune shows,
And how to *Me* she pays the Debt she owes !
To *Me* what noble Proofs of Love are rais'd,
Not fond of Flatt'ry, nor with Praise unpleas'd ?

For,

For, lo! rich Honours now the *House* adorn,
Where I, the destin'd Sprig of *Bays*, was born!
A pompous *Palace* rises in its Place,
The Pride of *RATHO*, and *BRITANNIA*'s Grace!
With Statues, Sculptures, Pictures finely drest,
And my sage *Busto* looking o'er the rest!
Nor *PRIOR* to *Himself*, nor *ROTTERDAME*
T' *ERASMUS*, rear'd such Monuments of Fame!

But yonder, where the *RAME-STONE* stood
The second *GEORGE* on Horseback, all in Gold!
Prodigious Sight! nor boastful *ROME*, nor *GREECE*,
Cou'd ever shew so beautiful a Piece!
Nor cou'd their famous Progeny afford
A braver *Hero* and a better *Lord*!
For all the various Attributes of Fame,
Collected, shine compleat in *GEORGE*'s Name.

Ye guardian *Genii* of the Good and Great,
Unwearied round the Royal Person wait.
Your sacred Aid the God-like *Monarchs* own,
Who merit first, before they mount a Throne.
You he reveres, as We *his* dread Command,
O ! crown his Reign, as he preserves the Land,
Persists the Pattern of Imperial Sway,
Makes righteous Laws, *Himself* the first t'obey !
Fast by his Throne, whilst fairest Fame resides,
Let Peace and Wealth incessant roll their Tides.
And late, O ! late, and but by slow Decays,
Unknown to Pain, may he conclude his Days ;
To the dark Grave retiring, as to Rest ;
Blessing his People, and in Blessing blest !

Be this my Morning and my Evening-Pray'r,
 My Life's true Pleasure and devoted Care,
 Ambitious to resemble my great Patron, STAIR,
 A Soul by Principles of Honour led ;
 To Truth, to Liberty, and Virtue, bred !
 True to his King, his Country, and his Word !
 No mercenary, cringing, cunning, Lord !
 Conscious of his uncommon Worth and Parts ;
 But scorning mean, sinister, sordid Arts !
 Whether with honest Place and Pension crown'd,
 Or unrewarded, ever faithful found !
 Ever the same disinterested Mind !
 The finish'd Statesman, Soldier, Patriot, join'd !
 Abroad, at Home, by all the Just, confess
 In Peace and War the ablest and the best !

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---Long may my *Liege* find Servants such as *He* !
 Their Aim his *Glory*, more than Favour, be !
 His Annals sung by nobler *Bards* than *Me* !

O ! how I long to hail the happy Day,
 When *Majesty* its *Glory* shall display
 In *CALEDONIA*'s antient Realm again !
 A pious Wish ! And may it not prove vain !
 When shall *EDINA*, as in Times of old,
 Receive her *King* ? O ! when shall *SCOTS* behold
 A *Royal Progreſs* thro' their Native Land,
 And gazing Crowds grow *loyal* as they ſtand ?
 Methinks, like his great *Anceſtors* inspir'd,
 The Second *GEORGE* complies to what's deſir'd !
Io Triumphe ! Countrymen and Friends,
 The King a Viſit to the *North* intends !

Prepare

Prepare the Way——our gracious King will come,
As *CONSTANTINE* in Triumph to his *ROME*,
When eager Subjects on his Chariot hung,
And the proud Scene with *Io Pæan* rung !
With equal Joy, may duteous Subjects meet
Our glorious Liege, and his *Procession* greet ;
Let every Tongue with Transport sound his Praise,
And every Eye, as on an *Angel*, gaze,
Who, like a *GOD*, in Glory deigns to move
The publick Wonder, and the publick Love !
O ! if, from this important *Æra*, Peace
Might stand confirm'd, and Faction ever cease !

But howsoe'er a Rebel-Race behave,
Open, ye Gates of *RATHO*, to receive
The *British King*, your Patron ever dear !
Let grateful Gladness in each Face appear !

Meet him, conducted by your noble *Head*,
 (Proud to be led, as *LAWDERDALE* to lead)
 Ye *Habitants* renown'd, both great and small,
 Let *Loyalty* and *Love* transport you all,
 To hail the Hand, from whence your Blessing
 And praise the best of all the *British Kings*,
 A *King*, who takes no Lustre from a Throne,
 But, by his Virtues, dignifies his Crown !

Ye generous *Bards* of *ALBION*'s frosty North,
 Too little known, tho' not the least in Worth,
 Awake, awake—a Theme, like This, might warm
 The coldest Breast, and brightest Fancy charm,
 Let distant Ages in your Numbers view
 The first of *Monarchs* and of *Poets* too,
 With faithful Care discharge your glorious Trust,
 O sing great *GEORGE*, and save yourselves from
 [Dust,
 Let

Let Inspiration leave me and my Lays,
 When I turn silent in my Sov'reign's Praise.
 From my right Hand and sounding Lyre depart
Poetic Cunning, when I move my Heart,
 O *RATHO*, darling Native Seat, from Thee,
 Like *SALEM* sweet, or *EDEN* blest, to Me!

But shou'd reluctant Fate suspend the Bliss
 Of such a lovely, sacred Scene, as *This*----
 Shou'd Second *GEORGE* his Royal Ear refuse,
 And scorn the gentle Courtship of the *Muse*----
 Have *Prophecies* and *Legends* all prov'd vain,
 Or *Bards* pronounc'd in an ambiguous Strain----
 If neither *BRUNSWICK* be the destin'd Oak,
 Nor I the *Bays*, of whom the *Sages* spoke----

This solemn Purpose in my Soul I fix,
 And swear by *RAME*, a River dread as *STRYX*,
RATHO, like *THEBES*, shall rise again in Fame,
 And, with *AMPHION*, *MITCHELL* find a Name!

Poets of *GOD*'s Omnipotence partake!
 From nothing we can Worlds of Wonder make!
 Sure to survive, when Time shall whelm in Dust
 The Arch, the Marble, and the mimic Bust!
 Let others rise by Labours not *their own*----
 Out of *myself* be struck my bright Renown!
 Yet rather perish, with my Life, my Praise,
 Than *RATHO* shine not in immortal Lays.
 Dearer than Fame be still my *Country's* Good,
 And for its Glory cheap esteem'd my Blood;
 In the true *BRITON*, sunk the *Scholar's* Boast,
 And the proud *Poet*, in the *Patriot* lost.

To



To their Most Excellent

MAJESTIES,

THE HUMBLE

ADDRESS and PETITION

OF THE

Water-drinking POETS of *Great-Britain*.

IN BROBDINGNAGGIAN VERSE.

Presented at *Kensington*, by Mr. MITCHELL.



HEREAS, in late King GEORGE's Reign,

it was our Fate to miss

Both Place and Pension, (but, we own,

it was no Fault of his ;)

And

And when our Brothers DODINGTON,
and CONGREVE, TICKELL, YOUNG,
PHILIPS, and POPE, beneath their Vine
and Fig Trees, fat and fung ;

We (clever Fellows too !) were oft
oblig'd, alas ! of course,

To drink weak WATER, or to dine
with HUMPHREY, which was worse !

But WHEREAS, Now, your Majesties'
Acceffion pleafes All,

And every Thing to every One

aright is like to fall :

Permit us humbly, in the Crowd,

to make you this Address,

(Tho' written in a Style below

the Spirit of TOTNESS)

To

To welcome you with all our Hearts
unto your rightful Throne,

And wish all Health and Happiness
your lengthen'd Years may crown:

And, by the by, to BEG and PRAY
your Majesties may please,

In your great Wisdom, Pow'r, and Grace,
to set our Lives at Ease;

For, certes, if you should not turn
our WATER into WINE,

We shan't have Spirit left to sing,
of *GEORGE* and *CAROLINE*!

Now, would it not, in such a Reign,
be deem'd a dismal Case,

Should Folks, so good as WE, *wait* still,
when *worse* are put in Place?

Besides,

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Besides, 'twould vex us in our Graves,
 shou'd any Blame be laid,
 On our Account, upon a *King*
 and *Queen*, to whom we pray'd :
 Who knows but Bards and Criticks might,
 in future Times, make bold
 To censure your most gracious Reign,
 as we the Reigns of old ?
 Then may it please your Majesties,
 to fall on Ways and Means,
 T' enable Us to fix your Fame,
 in our immortal Strains ;
 And your PETITIONERS will live,
 delighted, all our Days,
 And, as in Duty bound, convert
 our humble *Pray'r* to *Praise*.

An

An A N S W E R.

Ingenious Water-drinking Bards,
your LIEGE approves your Wit,
But must excuse himself from granting
what wou'd not be fit ;
For, first, the Treasury would be broke,
ere each of you were blest,
And, next, you'd grow as dull, as Those
already on the LIST.



An



AN
ANACREONTIC
 TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
Philip Earl of Chesterfield,
 THE
British MÆCENAS:
 ON HIS
 MAJESTY'S Accession to the THRONE.



CHESTERFIELD, the Friend of *Arts!*

Noble *Peer* of noble *Parts!*

To thy Kindred *Poets* dear!

Honour'd with the *Royal Ear!*

Would'ft

Would'st thou *spread* thy growing *Fame*,
And *deserve* a deathless *Name*?
Deign, O deign to introduce,
To His *Majesty* the *Muse*:
Bless, O bless the Sacred *Nine*,
With the Smiles of *CAROLINE*.

Long, alas! in *former* Reigns,
Poets sung in servile Chains----
Ever *wretched*, tho' *belov'd*!
Still *neglected*, yet *approv'd*!
Shall their Fate *unalter'd* be,
Now they bend to *GEORGE* and *Thee*!
MOECENAS thou! *AUGUSTUS* He!

Hence *Despair*----The Day is come,
Treasur'd long in *Time's* dark Womb,
When,

When, no more to *Merit* blind,
 FORTUNE turns the *Muses'* Friend ;
 And the *tuneful Tribes* behold
Golden Years, like those of old
 By the *Patriarch Wits* proclaim'd,
 Ever in their *Annals* fam'd !

GENIUS lifts again his Head
 From the Depths, where he lay dead !
 Greek and Roman Virtue, lost,
 Is become *Britannia's* Boast !
Publick Spirit, new-inspir'd,
 Prompts Us on to Deeds desir'd !
 FAME, with *Bays* and *Lawrels* crown'd,
 Flyes and spreads *Desert* around !
Arts and *Artists* nobly thrive !
 Credit, Trade, and Stocks revive !

See,

See, with yellow *Plenty* drest,
Hills and *Vales* are fully blest:
 Careful *Merchants* plough the Seas,
 And their *Magazines* increase !
Foreign Fars and *Discords* fail,
British CÆSAR holding *Scale* !
Civil Rage and *Faction* pine,
 Struck by *Charms* of *CAROLINE* !

For their *Reign*, and for their *Years*,
 Let our *Temples* eccho *Prayers* :
 Let the *British Sires* and *Dames*
 Teach their Children *Royal Names* :
 While, on *Wings* of *Raptures* new,
Bards no vulgar *Aim* pursue ;

But the deathless *Actions* trace
Of our Godlike *Royal-Race*,
From the BRUCE to BRUNSWICK down,
In a Strain before unknown !

Me let *Art* and *Nature* quit,
When I dull and silent sit ;
When I cease to sweep the *Lyre*,
Which *Heroic Acts* inspire :
Happy, cou'd my *Loyal Muse*
Merit CHESTERFIELD'S Excuse ;
Happier, cou'd my sacred Lays
Blazon *Thine* and GEORGE'S Praise.
Second CHARLES and BUCKINGHAM
Shou'd but *Second Honours* claim !
WILLIAM and his MONTAGUE
Only shou'd be *next* to *You* !



A
Picture of H Y M E N,
O R
Matrimony A-la-mode :

A
T A L E.



Ou'd you all your Art discover?

(To a *Painter* said a *Lover*)

Draw me H Y M E N with the *Graces*,

Charming Figures ! lovely Faces !

Lively ! ravishing ! divine !

All that's exquisitely fine !

---But, remember what I say,

As it merits I will pay.

Home th' ingenious *Painter* hies,
 And his utmost Talent tries;
 OVID o'er and o'er peruses;
 Takes Advice of all the *Muses*;
 All the Masters of *Designing*,
 And of *Colours* dark and shining;
Statuaries new and old,
 Famous for the *Soft* or *Bold*;
 In a Word, from Death and Life,
 Borrows with a generous Strife:
 So *Apelles* form'd his Piece,
 Out of all the Charms in *Greece*.

On the *Lover's* Wedding-Night,
 (When Ideas of Delight
 Were exalted to their Height;

Finish'd

Finish'd HYMEN was presented----

" How it look'd ! and what it wanted !

" Lord, Sir, (says the fond *Bridegroom*)

" Who wou'd give this *Picture Room*?

" Where's the Gaiety of Air?

" *Je ne sçai quoi*, debonair ?

" More than VENUS and ADONIS?

" Piece, that parallel'd by none is ?

" Take your Daubing back again,

" Or Five Pounds, and don't complain.

Painter was a Man of Wit !

More than for mere Business fit !

Seem'd to be with Sorrow mov'd ;

What the *Lover* spake approv'd ;

But, withal, begg'd leave to say,

" HYMEN merits better Pay,

" And will please another Day !

" For, Sir, in a few Months Space,

" Charms will rise upon that Face,

" And such Life inspire these Eyes,

" As will e'en your self surprize.

" 'Twill appear in different View ;

" Time improves whate'er I do.

" 'Tis my Manner, Sir, I own ;

" And I'm famous for it grown.

" Say you so? (reply'd the *Lover*)

" ---But that I may Truth discover,

" Keep it by you, till you find

" H Y M E N alter'd to your Mind.

" I'm not urgent to be paid,

" Nor in Doubt, (the *Painter* said)

" But

“ But ’twill ripen to your Taste

“ Ere your *Honey-Moon* is past.

Long the *Picture* had not lain

Ere the *Husband* sent again,

Curious to behold a Change

So incredible and strange.

Back ’twas brought: “ Here’s nothing wanting ;

“ Sir, you’ve brought another Painting----

“ Gods, what Eyes and Lips are there !

“ Graceful *Attitude* and *Air* !

“ Charms unnumber’d, and divine !

“ Beauty exquisitely fine ?

“ This is *HYMEN*.---*Painter*, say,

“ What’s the Value ? Here’s your Pay.

" If the *Picture* has a Fault,

" 'Tis too ravishingly wrought.

----Laughing then, the *Painter* swore,

'Twas the same he brought before,

" Change may be, Sir, in your Case,

" H Y M E N is the Thing he was,

----Fancy is the Lover's Cheat !

Wou'd ye prove the Pudding ? Eat.





V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

JOHN CLARK, Esq;



S CLARK no more? Has Death so soon

[destroy'd

His Country's Honour, and his Pa-

[rents Pride?

Ungrateful News! I mourn his early

[Fate!

But Blessings ne'er are permanent, as great!

Fain would I praise, fain make his Vertues known,

By every Tongue commended, but his own,

A Funeral Gift to my lov'd CLARK I owe;

This unavailing Gift, at least, I may bestow.

These

These Eyes have seen the Wonders of his Youth,
And I sing freely, what I sing with Truth.

CLARK was my own ; his Soul alike inspir'd ;
Tho' learn'd, not vain ; and humble, tho' admir'd ;
Candid in judging, and, in Life, sincere ;
To all Men pliant, to himself severe :
Bold were his Thoughts, yet Reason bore the Sway ;
Cheerful his Looks, but innocently gay ;
Of gentle Manners, and a virtuous Mind ;
In whom all Sorts of useful Knowledge join'd ;
To whom old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known ;
Who made all Countries, in his Course, his own.
By slow Degrees, some travel up to Fame,
And, on the Verge of Life, acquire a Name :
In him a happy Prodigy was seen,
Mature in Glory, when in Years but green.

O may the Thought his Friend's Ambition raise !

O may I imitate, as well as praise !

Had he but liv'd to ripen more, in Years---

But Worth, like his, discover'd, disappears.

He, like an Angel, a short Visit made,

And, as we gaz'd, vanish'd to a Shade.

Thus, in the Theatre, with vast Delight,

On Gods and Heroes, we regale our Sight.

The Change of Scenes fresh Wonders brings to view,

And each Machine presents some Glory new :

But, while we look, fleet, from our ravish'd Eyes

The dear Delusion, in a Moment, flies.

My Soul, prophetick, long foresaw his Fate :

" Dear CLARK, said I, (as once we fondly sat)

" You're

" You're but short-liv'd, the Vision of a Day,
 " Just to be shewn on Earth, and snatch'd away ;
 " But cou'dst thou break thro' Fate's severe Decree,
 " A new *Buchanan* wou'd arise in Thee.

He, conscious, smil'd, and charg'd my faithful
 [Muse,
 Whenc'er I shou'd receive th' unwelcome News,
 " To strew, with Heaps of Elegiac Verse,
 " The sad Procession of his early Hearse.

On this Condition, sudden, I rejoyn'd,
 " That, if my Breath shall sooner be resign'd,
 " Your friendly Muse shall condescend to mourn
 " And sanctify, with Tears, your MITCHELL's Urn.

Agreed, he said---But, ah ! 'twas his to die !
 He, first, was fit to reascend the Sky.

Dear Youth, farewell---and, till the Judgment Day,
 Blest be thy Soul, and sacred be thy Clay.

And,

And, O, the Meanness of my Verse excuse;

'Tis all the Dictate of a forrowing Muse.

Yet this one further Character I have,

To mark the Marble Covering of your Grave:

" Young CLARK lies here, who was his Country's

[Boast,

" Admir'd, when living, and ador'd, when lost.

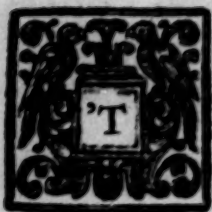




O F

Seigniora CUZZONI's
V O I C E and F A C E.

I.



W A S long a Paradox to me,
That Musick dwells in Discords most :
But, now CUZZONI's Face I see,
And hear her Voice, my Wonder's lost.

II.

To her such Qualities are given,
As serve, at once, to charm, and fright !
Let her but Sing, we rise to Heav'n !
But shew her Face, we're damn'd outright !

III. So

III.

So have I known, with sweetest Sound,
An old, worn, Lute affect the Ears:

Its Looks might Harmony confound !
Its Notes work Envy, in the Spheres !

IV.

The Face, which others covet first,
And call their Pride, is least of Hers !

The Tongue, that us'd to be the worst
Of Women-kind, she most prefers !

V.

Her melting Notes, thro' list'ning Ears,
To Extasy transport the Soul :

But he, who looks, as well as hears,
Submits to Terror's harsh Controul.

VI.

VI.

I thought indeed she was, at Sight,
Of *Lucifer's* Apostate Train;

But, tho' fall'n low from such an Height,
Did yet her Angel Voice retain.

VII.

Here wou'd I dote, where I to chuse
A Wife by th' Ear, and not the Eye:

Who wou'd not such a Hag refuse?
Who wou'd not for such Musick die?

VIII.

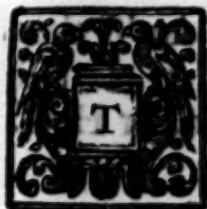
While she has Tongue, and I have Eyes,
I ne'er shall know my Peace of Mind:

Ye Powers, who know my Scorn, my Sighs,
Or make her dumb, or strike me blind.



T O

Seigniora Cuzzoni.



H O U, at whose Birth, commenc'd a
[puzzling Case,
Between thy still-contending Voice and
[Face,
How shall I do thy warring Virtues
[Right ?

What can I say, to set them fair in Light ?

This, everlasting Uglinefs maintains,

And Harmony, in That, triumphant reigns.

We *look*, and, lo ! Deformity prevails :

We *hear*, and all is sweet as *Zephyr's* Gales :

But when, at once, we *listen* and we *gaze*,

Th' unnatural Discord strikes us with Amaze.

Now *This*, now *That*, appears with greatest Force,

Rapture and *Torment* take their Turn of Course.

Our Sense and Souls, divided, fly the Field,

Uncertain whether *Face*, or *Voice*, should yield.

What art thou ? Devil ! or Angel ! can'st thou
[tell
Whether thou'rt Native born of Heav'n, or Hell ?

Or didst thou to th' unnatural Embrace

Of het'rogeneous Parents owe thy Case ?

Thou seem'st *Hermophrodite* of a new Kind,

Procreate betwixt a Body and a Mind.

Thy *Face* declares a *Satyr* was thy Sire,

Thy *Voice* claims Kindred to th' angelic Choir.

This

This might pervert Sir PETER KING, the Just,
And *That* cure CH — of insatiate Lust.

Hence, *Monster*, hence! — O no, the *Britons* pray
Thou'lt take Two Thousand Pounds a Year, and
To charm their Sense, and scare their Crows away! ^{[stay,}



Q 2

L Ye



I.



E Commons and Peers,

Pray lend me your Ears,

I sing how a Serjeant was bit.

Let Men of the Law

An Inference draw,

And learn from a Ballad some Wit.

II.

To *Westminster-Hall*,

Where Wranglers caball,

And Godlinefs seldom is Gain;

One Day came a Peasant

With Eggs of a Pheasant,

In Manner most simple and plain.

III.

A Sergeant at Law,

Renown'd for his Maw,

And exquisite Gusto in Feeding,

Soon eyeing the Eggs,

The Rate of 'em begs,

No Trick of a Countryman dreading.

IV.

Without ming Words,

The Price he affords,

And Home with the Cargo hies Then.

Half dress'd up outright,

He eat with Delight,

And half he fet under a Hen.

V.

But mark, in Conclusion,
 The Serjeant's Confusion,
 When, 'stead of the delicate Fowls,
 Out broke from the Shell
 (As true as I tell)

A Brood of most ominous Owls,





T O A

L A D Y, playing with a
Clouded F A N.

THE fatal Sword, which Man from *Eden*
[barr'd,
T Flam'd, as it turn'd, the Tree of Life
[to guard.
But from your Fan, thick Clouds of Smoak arise,
To hide the Flames of your destructive Eyes.
As *That* was, by a beauteous Cherub, held,
A beauteous Cherub spreads *This* clouded Shield.
Almost for the same Ends they *both* were giv'n,
The *Sword* to fence from Paradise, the *Fan* from
[Heav'n.



T O A

Pyrating P O E T.

E grant, the Strains, that you rehearse,
W Are all Original, and New---

The Ancients peep'd into your Verse,

And stole feloniously from you.


















T O



T O

S—h F—k.






 N ancient Times, when *Israel* was
 [renown'd,





 I And Kings and Bards, with due Re-
 [spect, were crown'd,





 By Heaven's Direction, *Solomon*, the
 [Wise,
 A Temple rear'd, the Wonder of Mens Eyes!

Long fair it stood, and worthy of the God,

Whose solemn Presence sanctify'd th' Abode.

But Time and War, those Instruments of Fate,

At length, in Ruins, laid the *Jewish* State.

Expos'd

Expos'd to all the Insults of the Foe,
Sad *Israel* now laments inveterate Woe.
But mark the Turn of providential Care !
Bright Beams of Joy dispel the dark Despair.
Cyrus, the Great, the Generous, and the Good,
From Tyranny reliev'd the groaning Crowd,
And built a second Temple in the Place,
Where *Israel's* Glory shone, and suffer'd fore Dis-
Joyous the *Jews* beheld this noble Pile, [grace.
Which Pagan Powers presum'd not to defile.
But hoary Sages, who the first had seen,
Wept, as they gaz'd---Reflection cut them keen.
No happy Chance cou'd crush the Thought accurst,
" The second Temple was not like the first.

O S---, boast not thy recover'd Health,
Thy latter Spring, and poor Remains of Wealth---

Arbutnot,

Arbutnot, Mead, and Sandilands, in vain,
Have try'd to make Thee what thou wert again,
We, who beheld Thee, in thy Pride of Charms,
Have lost Desire to revel in thy Arms.

Howe'er thou'rt flatter'd, patch'd, and dress'd, and
[nurs'd,
"Thy Second Temple is not like thy First.



STYLIA's



SYLVIA'S MOAN.



S SYLVIA in a Forest lay,
 To vent her Woe, alone,
 Her Swain, SYLVANDER, came that Way,
 And heard her dying Moan.

I.

" Ah ! Is my Love (she said) to you
 " So worthless and so vain ?
 " Why is your wonted Fondness, now,
 " Converted to Disdain ?

" II. You

II.

- " You vow'd, the Day thou'd Darkness turn,
" Ere you'd exchange your Love :
" In Shades, may, now, Creation mourn,
" Since you unfaithful prove."

III.

- " Was it for this, I Credit gave,
" To ev'ry Oath you swore?
" But, ah ! I find they most deceive,
" Who most pretend to adore."

IV.

- " 'Tis plain, your Drift was all Deceit,
" The Practice of Mankind !
" Alas ! I see it---but too late !
" My Love had made me blind."

V. " What

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V.

" What Cause, *Sylvander*, have I giv'n

" For Cruelty, so great?

" Yes--- for your Sake, I flighted Heav'n,

" And hugg'd you into Hate.

VI.

" For you, delighted, I cou'd die;

" But, oh ! with Grief I'm fill'd:

" To think that credulous, constant I,

" Shou'd, by your Scorn, be kill'd.

VII.

" But what avail my sad Complaints,

" While you my Case neglect!

" My wailing inward Sorrow vents,

" Without the wish'd Effect.

This said--- all breathless, sick, and pale,

Her Head upon her Hand ;

She

She found her vital Spirits fail,

And Senses at a stand.

SYLVANDER, then, began to melt---

But, ere the Word was given,

The heavy Hand of Death she felt,

And sigh'd her Soul to Heav'n.





CORYDON's Complaint.

I.



S Love-Sick CORYDON beside

A murmuring Riv'let lay,

Thus plain'd he his COSMELIA's Pride,

And, plaining, dy'd away.

.II

" Fair Stream (he said) whene'er you pour

" Your Treasure, in the Sea,

" To Sea-Nymphs tell what I endure :

" Perhaps they'll pity me !

III. " And,

II.

“ And, sitting on the clifly Rocks,
“ In melting Songs, express
“ (While as they comb their golden Locks)
“ To Trav’lers my Distress.

III.

“ Say, CORYDON, an honest Swain !
“ The fair COSMELIA lov’d,
“ While she, with undeserv’d Disdain,
“ His constant Torture prov’d.

IV.

“ Ne’er *Shepherd* lov’d a *Shepherdefs*
“ More faithfully than *He* :
“ Ne’er *Shepherd* yet regarded less
“ Of *Shepherdefs* cou’d be.

V.

“ How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,

“ Did He, alas ! complain !

“ How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,

“ And seem'd to share his Pain !

VI.

“ How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,

“ And on the tufted Greens,

“ Ingrav'd He Tales of his Disease,

“ And what his Soul sustains !

VII.

“ Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,

“ And fruitless all his Art !

“ She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,

“ And broke, at last, his Heart.





THE
M O N K E Y.
A
F A B L E.

From the FRENCH.

Monkey, a malignant Creature !

A Whose Age improv'd his wicked Na-
[ture !

At length resign'd his canker'd Breath

And Being, to the Arms of Death.

But long he had not lodg'd in Hell,

(The Company he lik'd not well)

R 2

Till

Till *Pluto* was address'd by Pray'r,

To send him back to native Air.

The gloomy God good-humour'd was,

And thought to make him *Soul* an *Afs* :

A Punishment esteem'd most fit,

For former Tricks of wicked Wit.

The *Monkey* shook his ghostly Head,

And said, He'd rather e'en be dead.

An *Afs*'s Body was all one,

As if he shou'd inform a Stone.

PLUTO, at last, well pleas'd to see

His Tricks, to win his Liberty,

Consented, smiling, that he shou'd

Take any other Shape he wou'd.

" I thank your Godship---You, with Ease,

" Can make me *Parrot*, if you please:

" For,

" For, in that Likeness, I've a Plan,

" How I may prate, and talk, like *Man*.

" I acted like him once, and then

" I'll try to rival him again.

'Twas done---And, now a *Parrot* made,

He mimick'd every Thing was said :

He chatter'd on, from Morn to Night,

And yielded wonderful Delight :

A certain Woman, old, and grey,

Came to the Market Place, one Day ;

And was so taken with the Bird,

It spoke so like her, every Word,

That soon she bought it, Cage and all,

And hung it up in her large Hall.

Nobly it far'd---And, in requital

Of the old Dotard's dainty Victual,

It play'd a Thousand Gambols, more
 Than *Parrots* us'd to play before;
Exempli Gratia, mov'd its Head,
 In antick Manner---Clamour made
 With its new Bill---and odd Grimace
 With Wings and Claws : In short it was
 A *Monkey*, in a *Parrot's* Case.
 Transported with the Bird, the Woman
 Wou'd be at Home whole Days for no Man,
 But every Hour, with Admiration,
 Beheld that Pride of the Creation.
 Her Spectacles, upon her Nose,
 Were far more needful, than her Cloaths :
 And it was all her Care and Grief,
 That Age had made her Ears so deaf;
 For *Poll* deliver'd many a Speech,
 That never cou'd her Hearing reach.

At length, by too much Fondness, lost,
 Our *Parrot* now began to boast,
 Grow noisy, troublesome, and mad!
 And drank, alas! some Liquor bad,
 By which it dy'd---So down went *Poll*,
 With new Petitions for his Soul.
Pluto, observing, said, I will
 At length this noisy Spirit still,
 By making it inform a *Fish*,---
 This suited not our *Parrot's* Wish!
 So, playing some new Tricks again,
 The God resolv'd to ease its Pain,
 And let it e'en become a Man.
 Yet fearing he shou'd give Offence,
 Resolv'd it shou'd a *Fool* commence.

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So in the Body of a *Beau*,
A talking, tedious, empty Show !
To Lying, Laughing, Bragging, us'd,
Was now the wandering Soul infus'd.

HERMES, a God profoundly wise,
Discover'd him in this Disguise,

“ And art thou there (he, smiling, said)

“ Thou senseless, trifling, useless, Shade,

“ Of *Monkey*, and of *Parrot* made?

“ Wert thou of Words, and Gestures, stript,

“ How nobly wou'dst thou stand equipt?

“ Wou'dst thou not wholly be unmann'd,

“ If what thou dost not understand

“ Were taken from Thee? For by Rote

“ Is all thy ignorant Knowledge got!

“ Gods!

" Gods ! What a *Man* a *Monkey* makes !

" If, from him, one his Anticks takes ?

" And yet how many *Men* there be,

" In whom we nought, but *Monkey*, see ?

" A fashionable Coat, and Air,

" And Words, and Gestures, all his Care ;

" Among the Vulgar, make an Ass

" For a most *pretty Fellow* pass !





A S O N G.

I.



Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet Lady,
 Leave Kindred, and Friends, for me,
 Assur'd, thy Servant is steddý

To Love, to Honour, and Thee.

The Gifts of Nature, and Fortune,

May fly, by Chance, as they came !

They are Grounds the Destinies sport on,

But Virtue is ever the same.

II.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,

Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,

That other Beauties disproving,

I'd worship thine only, my Dear.

And,

And, shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter

The Pleasure we promise our Loves,
To share them, together, is fitter,
Than moan, asunder, like Doves.

III.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,

To grasp my Love in my Arms!
By Thee, to be grasp'd! and kissed!

And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,

Shou'd Fortune capricious prove:
Tho' Death shou'd tear me to Pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.





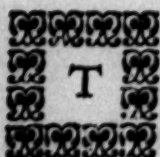
A N

O D E

O N

Mr. *W*-----r's Birth-Day, *July* 14.

I.


 H E Day is come---Ye happy Few,
 When friendly *W*-----r invites,

'To Principles of Love be true,
 Nor bound the Tide of your Delights.

H A

II. Hence,

II.

Hence, gloomy Thought, and anxious Care !

Be hush, black Scandal, Strife, and Noise !

May the dear Youth's succeeding Year

Be usher'd in, with lucky Joys.

III.

With Pomp unusual, God of Light,

Go on, to grace th' auspicious Hours;

Nor shroud thy Beams in fable Night,

'Till Wine has made *Elyzium* ours.

VI.

Boy, fill the Bowl---The Bowl alone

Can give a Sanction to the Day :

We need no other sacred Stone

To mark the Time, and make us gay.

VII

I, who peculiar Interest boast,
 Devote, at once, my Muse and Heart:
 My Soul in *W-----*'s is lost,
 And his is grown the better Part.

VI.

O may his Mind and Fame improve,
 'Till hoary Honours grace his Head!
 May Merit, now, procure him Love;
 And eternize his Memory, dead.






T O

Sir *RICHARD STEELE*;

On the successful Representation of his
excellent COMEDY, call'd, *The*
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

N ancient Times, before a *Pulpit-Throne*,
Or *Preaching*, was, at ROME and ATHENS,
[known,
Virtue and *Wit*, on *Theatres*, were bred,

And *People* follow'd, as the *Poets* led.

These publish'd nothing, but what Heav'n inspir'd,

And all their Dictates were, by *Those*, admir'd.

Heroes,

256 P O E M S

Heroes, whose Bravery bought immortal Fame,
Were deem'd a *Second*, and less sacred Name.

But Vice crept in, as *Priestcraft* got the Sway,
Down fell the *Stage*, and *Poets* went astray.
For several Ages, and, in every Land,
The *Muse* has drudg'd, beneath a *Tyrant's* Hand;
Old *Sterling Wit* been chang'd for mungrel Rhime,
And all the *Drama* turn'd into a Crime.
The tuneful Tribe, condemn'd to mean Regard,
Just *Rules* and *Morals* barter for Reward.
And so debauch'd the *general Taste* appears,
That all is damn'd, that native Beauty wears.

To mend the Manners of the *madding* Age,
And model new the Conduct of the Stage,

For

For vulgar *Genii*, is a Task too high ;
 A Task, that claims approv'd Authority !
 'Tis yours, O STEELE, in conscious Virtue bold,
 To show the *Drama*, as it was of old ;
 To please the Eye ; and practise on the Heart ;
 With Force of Reason, and the Flowers of Art !
 Be this the Praise of your last, lov'd, Essay,
 Where Wit and Honour all their Charms display ;
 The Stage is conquer'd to its first Intent,
 Labour is Gain, and Pleasure innocent.
 What BRITON, now, will reckon Virtue dull ?
 Shall Morals more to sleep the Hearer lull ?
 No longer, Fops, make Ridicule of Truth,
 Nor blush to grow politely sage, in Youth,
 By BEVIL's Conduct regulate your Life,
 And make good Sense the *Fashionable* Strife.

And, ye, fow'r *Criticks*, to our *Poet* bow,
 And bind the Laurel, on his sacred Brow;
 In all he writes, superior Worth confess;
 Detraction cannot make his Glory less.
 The worthy Sage, whose publick Spirit long
 Has stood *Director* of our Taste and Song;
 Whose generous Labours, yet unrival'd, frame
 Our *Style* and *Manners*, for his Country's Fame,
 He will, in Spite of Envy, ever rise,
 Belov'd of *All*, but *Those*, whom *All* despise.





VERSES

ON THE

DEATH of Mr. S----

Address'd to his Friends.

Omnium

Versatur Urna——Hor.



HE was my Friend--- I lov'd, and lost,

[him too—

And shall not I lament, as much as you?

With Sighs and Tears you sanctify his

[Hearse;

To Sighs and Tears I superadd my Verse.

And, sure, if Spirits from their Flesh set free,

Know what is done on Earth, his Soul will see

And mark the Sorrows, which distinguish me.

To pay Him all my Love, and pay it so
As honest Debtors shou'd whate'er they owe,
Were to write Elegy with nobler Strain,
Than I, or Bards more skilful, can maintain.
Much might be said, did Grief but wear a Face
Of Woe; or were my Muse but Common-Place:
But Worth, like his, wou'd be debas'd by Art,
And Eloquence display an untouch'd Heart!

Yet who, that knew his Character and Life,
Allows not that my S—— detested Strife,
Falshood and Folly? And adorn'd his Youth
With manly Honour, Honesty, and Truth?
Where was sedate, unruffled Temper shown,
On all Occasions, perfect as his own?

When

When shall we see a Man so young, so stay'd?
Or where the social Virtues more display'd?
To others candid, constant to his Friend,
In censuring slow, unwilling to offend;
Humble and modest, kind, obliging, just,
Belov'd of all, and faithful to his Trust?
Who, that observ'd his Air, his Words, and Ways,
Will say my Muse bestows a borrow'd Praise?

But tho' his Virtues many Friends have made,
Who lov'd him living, and lament him dead,
What boots it now? One lawless Stream of Blood,
With Force revulsive, barr'd the vital Flood;
Swell'd o'er the Heart; and, in the fatal Strife,
Bore him at once from all the World and Life.

How various are the Arms of subtle Death?
 What certain Means to stop precarious Breath?
 The restless Foe in Paths unheeded treads,
 And slow Disease and fierce Affliction spreads.
 Thro' Sea and Land, in Peace and War, we go,
 And Rest and Action try t' elude the Blow.
 In vain we hope to shun th' imperious Pow'r,
 Or bribe Him to suspend the destin'd Hour.

Mortals, be wise, and, ere it proves too late,
 Wake from your Pleasures, and prepare for Fate:
 S— is no more! the very Thought affrights,
 Hangs o'er my Hopes, and clouds my dash'd De-
 Strong as he was, and healthy as the best, ^{[lights.}
 How soon he fell! to hungry Worms a Guest!

Yet He, from Vices and from Follies free,
Had more to plead, and less to fear than we.
We may a while enjoy the transient Light---
With him, alas ! 'tis ever, ever Night !





THE
RECANTATION.

To a LADY.



Orgive, AURELIA, my audacious Muse,
That durst, in Tragic Scenes, your Sex
[abuse;
'Twas *Paricide*, I own, on any Ground,

With impious *Satire*, Female Fame to wound.

Who dares deny your Sex the better Birth?

For you of Man were made, as Man of Earth.

When you were form'd, Creation first had rest!

A Sign, th' Almighty thought your Make the best

Of all his Labours! *Beast* shou'd Homage do

To Sov'reign *Man*; but *Man* should bend to *You*:

Worship is every *Woman's* rightful Due,

If

If we survey your outward Frame, how fair!
How soft! how glorious! what a Heav'n is There!
Nor are *our* Souls more excellent than *yours*?
Souls know no *Sexes*! boast their *common* Pow'rs!
Have we more *Knowledge*? No, it cannot be;
Ye first were *knowing*! first attack'd the Tree!
And, sure, the *Wise*, the *Pious*, and the *Strong*,
Must own the Conquests of your Eyes, and Tongue:
Let but a *Lip*, a *Hand*, dispute the Field---
What *Stoick* stands unmov'd? what *Cynick* does not
[yield?

No more, AURELIA, shall my Muse rebel;
No more deny your Sex does most excell.
What Hand profane a *Hag* for VENUS paints?
And who, but *Atheists*, rail against the *Saints*?
What Fools are Men in *Pedigree* of Names,
To chuse the *Father's*, while the *Mother's* claims
The

266 P O E M S

The first Regard? *Hers* is more honour'd Blood,
Wou'd fix our *Heraldry*, and make out Generation
[good.

Happy the Swain, whose Passion you shall crown;
Who, join'd to you, may call the *Sex* his *own*;
For, sure, the whole Perfections of the *Fair*
Meet in *your* Mind, and shine unsullied *There*.



VERSES



V E R S E S

T O A

GENTLEMAN who was charm'd with
OPHELIA's Person.

Fancy, my Friend, in Love Affairs prevails :
Beauties are made by it, when Nature fails.
The Fair looks fairer, that our Fancy strikes,
And Charms o'er spread the Ugly, whom it likes.
Were my O P H E L I A hateful to the Sight,
Approv'd by Fancy, she'd be all Delight.

But I nor to the Eye, nor Fancy, yield---
Victorious Vertues bear me from the Field,
Judgment and Reason, Governors of Life,
Determin'd me to make O P H E L I A Wife.
They shew'd me first the Beauties of her Mind,
Beauties! whose least adds Grace to Womankind;
These, these, my Friend, are lasting as the Soul,
That Time and Trouble never can controul :

Tho'

Tho' all her Roses, and her Lillies, fade,
Tho' Flesh decay, and Life were turn'd to Shade,
The noble, hidden, Riches wou'd endure,
Furnish fresh Charms, and fix my Love secure.

Had you, my Friend, a Perspective so clear,
And cou'd you thus behold my darling Fair,
How soon you'd quit the Prospect of her Face,
And, with new Wonder, on her Vertues gaze !
Vertues ! that wou'd constrain you to confess,
That I had Cause to court this Happiness :
And teach you Skill among her Sex to find
An Object fair, made fairer by her Mind.





T O

O P H E L I A,

In Tears for the Decay of her
B E A U T I E S.

~~~~~ I F E of Loveliness! forbear;  
~~~~~ L ~~~~~  
~~~~~ Sighs and Complaints I cannot hear.

Tell me not thou'rt past thy Prime---

Tax not Nature, Fate, and Time---

Beauties, that did first subdue,

Hold my Heart for ever true.

In Thee, still I find the Charms

That allur'd me to thy Arms.

Raptur'd

Raptur'd still I view thy Face,

Stock'd with ev'ry Virgin Grace.

Lively Sweetness ! temper'd Fire !

Lasting Spring of chaste Desire !

In thine Eyes the very Flame !

Roses on thy Cheek the same ?

On thy Chin th' unsullied Snow !

Gentle Majesty thy Brow !

Fresh the Teeth ! and fine the Hair !

Lips, the lovely Twins they were !

Voice with heav'nly Musick fraught !

Shape and Air without a Fault !

Every Limb and every Feature

Perfect, as thy Sense and Nature !

Sprightly, generous, and free,

*Just* to All, and True to Me !

Modest,



Modest, innocent, and kind!

Charming Person ! noble Mind !

All my Wealth, and Paradise !

Cheer thy Heart, and dry thy Eyes.



T H E



THE  
REVENGE,  
TO  
MARIANA.

---

*Et Longum Formosa vale—Virg.*

---

\*\*\*\*\* H A T means my MARIANA now?

\*\*\*\*\* W \*\*\*\*\* What makes her so tyrannic grow?

\*\*\*\*\* Why, on a sudden, turn'd so wild,

So cruel, who was late so mild,

So tender, gentle, loving, kind?

Ah! tell me, hast thou chang'd thy Mind?

I fear, I fear, 'twas my own Fault,  
That this Conversion in Thee wrought !  
It was my Superstition made  
Thee first a Goddess, of a Shade !  
My Fancy gave Thee all the Charms,  
Which now against me rise in Arms !  
So have I known a King oppress  
The Men, who sav'd him from Distress ;  
So have I seen a Snake at Strife  
With him, who warm'd it into Life.

---

But was't for this Return, my Fair,  
I form'd, of CUPID'S Nets, thy Hair ?  
For this, did I, to paint Thee gay,  
Bring Whiteness from the milky Way ?  
From Eastern Spices steal the Scent,  
And rob the Flow'rs, for Ornament ?

Plunder



Plunder the Stars, t' inspire thy Eyes?

The Spheres, to tune thy Tongue and Voice?

The Snow, to make thy Forehead shine?

Love's Bows, to make thy Brows divine?

What Fool was I, that did create,

And give Thee Pow'r to speak my Fate!

How cruel Thou, and how ingrate?

Yet, since I find my Life at stake,

And I, that made thee, can unmake;

Since thus thou hast thy Arms employ'd,

And me, their Giver, nigh destroy'd;

Restore, restore them back again:

Thy Cruelty has broke my Chain.

I see thy natural Shape and Face,

And blush to have bestow'd such Grace.

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My Fancy owns its Errors now,  
 And humbly does to Reason bow.  
 No more, a Goddess, shalt thou rule ;  
 No more, a Slave, I'll play the Fool.  
 Hence, fond Love, Delusion hence,  
 For I've regain'd my Self and Sense.

Ha ! *Mariana* ! what's become  
 Of th' Arms, that threaten'd late my Doom ?  
 Where's now thy Pride ? Thy Rigour, where ?  
 Methinks thy Looks are less severe.  
 No borrow'd Charms thy Face adorn ;  
 Thy Person I begin to scorn,  
*And act the Tyrant, in my Turn.*





TWO QUESTIONS answer'd by  
TWO LADIES at a BALL,  
Versified.



A Y, charming CHARLOTTE, (for there's  
[not a Beau,  
In this select Assembly, but you know)

Have you seen C — of uncommon Fame?

*" Not seen, but smelt, and that is much the same.*

E N C O R E.

Dear LUCY, say, if I should C--- see,

By what sure Token shall I know 'tis He?

*" Consult your Smell (the answer'd) for the Nose*

*" Can best discern Him, in a Crowd of Beaus.*





T O

Mr. T H O M S O N,

The A U T H O R of

W I N T E R.



W H E N, from the Schools of famous Pain-  
[ters brought,  
A Picture, at prodigious Price, is bought,  
And hung in some great Virtuoso's Hall,  
The Talk, the Wonder, and the Praise of All!  
Crowds flock to see it, and transported stand  
In silent Dev'rance of the Master's Hand:

The

The Sight receives new Pleasure, as they gaze,  
And ev'ry Image swells the Soul's Amaze ;  
Ravish'd Reflection naked Nature views,  
And fixes all the Traces it pursues,

Nor is the Reader's Satisfaction less,  
From just Descriptions, in Poetic Dress :  
They dwell with Pleasure on the conscious Mind,  
And animate the dullest of Mankind.

What Praise, my Friend, belongs not then to  
How venerable ought thy Muse to be? [Thee?  
A Muse ! that sets thy Objects full in View,  
And leads our Thoughts to wise Reflections too.

Who reads this Work calls *Winter* back again,  
And views its bleak, uncomfortable, Reign ;

Its dreary Scenes, and Forces strong and fierce,  
 All realiz'd in thy descriptive Verse !  
 Sees how th' Almighty his Artillery forms !  
 And opes his cloudy Magazine of Storms !  
 How broad and thick descend the Sheets of Snow,  
 And whiten Hills, and Woods, and Vales below !  
 How Streams dissolve the Fleeces, as they fall,  
 The circling Seas alone absorbing all !  
 How Winds are still'd, and Skies are lull'd asleep !  
 How they embroil the Air, and hurricane the Deep !

Methinks, alone in my *Musæum* pent,  
 I, by thy Verse, the Season represent !  
 Here, Hail thick batt'ring ! There, rais'd Rivers  
 [roll !  
 Now, civil Wars rage loud from Pole to Pole !  
 Again, 'tis calm ! now, Earth, disguis'd, is seen  
 One snowy Waste ! the Sea, an icy Green !



The Streams, unbound, and broke in Cakes, again  
Tumble, tremendous to the troubled Main !  
And, now, the Ships, late chain'd in solid Waves,  
Defying Storms, each boistrous Billow braves :  
By Hurricanes, they're dash'd against the Shore,  
Or, overwhelm'd, by dreadful Surges, rise no more !  
Sudden, a lovely Dress adorns the Year—  
The Hills and Plains new-spangled Glories wear !  
Gay Pearls and Rubies deck the prickly Thorn !  
And Fens and Marshes shine with glassy Corn !  
The Groves, glaz'd over, glitter in the Sun !  
The timorous Hares from rattling Stubble run !  
The frightened Birds the brittle Branches fly !  
And crackling Shrubs the hungry Herds supply !  
The Stag, in Ice, its crystal'd Front admires !  
And Clowns crowd close around carouzing Fires !

Social,

Social, and just, and innocent they sit,  
And Honesty atones for want of Wit ;  
While the lewd Letcher wallows, like the Swine,  
And Drunkards drown their sober Sense in Wine,  
But, now, the Winds thro' hazy Skies, in haste  
Break horrible, and shake the dazzling Waste ;  
Sudden, impetuous, pours the treasur'd Rain,  
Melts down the hoary Hills, and mires the de-  
The Traveller, wet and weary on the Road, [lug'd Plain,  
Drags his stiff Limbs, and seeks a dry Abode.

Prodigious Pow'r of Poetry to warm  
Or chill, the Blood ! compose it, or alarm !  
To set the World and Nature's Works in Light !  
And moralize their various Scenes aright !

THOMSON,

THOMSON, if, with such Energy and Ease,  
Thou sing'st, proceed--thou can'st not fail to please.  
Nor stoop to Rhime--a Muse, so strong and bold,  
By servile Fetters, scorns to be controul'd,  
I greet thy Genius well, invite Thee forth,  
And first present to publick View thy Worth.  
I prophesy'd of Thee; nor blush to own  
The Joy I feel, in making THOMSON known.  
Thy first Attempts, to me, a Promise made:  
That Promise is, by this Performance, paid.  
If such Perfection crowns thy Muse so soon,  
What Virtues will not glorify her Noon?







A

Sunday EPISTLE  
TO  
CREW OFFLY, Esq;  
ON THE  
Lamented DEATH of his LADY.

---

*Tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
Sponsam adeptam: nec tibi vespero  
Surgente decedunt Amores,  
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.*

---

*Desine mollium  
Tandem Querelarum  
Omnes eodem cogimur* ————— H O R.

---

SOFFLY widow'd? Mourns the *Muses'*  
[Friend?  
And shall no sympathizing Poet send

The Tribute of Condolence? May not I,  
With pious Sorrow, and a weeping Eye,

Amidst

Amidst *Prosaic* Crowds of Mourners press,  
To shew my Sense of OFFLY's great Distress?  
In such a Cause, officious let me be:  
Forbid me not to grieve--- for 'tis with *Thee*.

Yet, not to increase thy Suff'ring, and thy Woe,  
My artless *Elegiac* Numbers flow.

---That were to turn my *Piety* to *Sin*,

And, like \* *Job's* Friends, th' Afflicted's Censure win.

Nor wou'd I bid *Thee* give thy Sorrows o'er,

And cease to mind so lov'd a *Consort* more.

---Not to lament the Loss of one, so good,

So young, so fair, were barbarous and rude.

The Best of *Friends*, and *Mothers* too! the Thought

Makes Virtue stagger, and ev'n Reason nought.

---

\* *Job* complains of his Friends in these Words, "Ye are miserable  
" Comforters unto me, and Physicians of no Value."

*Nature*, in spite of *Philosophic* Rules,  
 Unmans the Brave, and proves the wisest Fools.  
 All, undistinguish'd, in Distress, complain:  
 Humanity wou'd seem untouch'd, in vain.  
 Who, that are wretched, can, unconscious, live?  
 And *take* the Counsel they, untroubled, *give*?  
 Sorrow, like *Love*, for *Reason* waxes strong,  
 And tyrannizes, where it reigns too long.

OFFLY, thy Loss demands a nat'ral Grief;  
 But bars Thee not from Comfort and Relief.  
 Immod'rate Sorrow may thy Life consume:  
 But not revoke inexorable Doom,  
 Nor bring thy destin'd Charmer from the Tomb.  
 And, sure, if Souls departed know what's done  
 By Kindred Mortals, OFFLY's ev'ry Groan

And



And Tear must break, unwelcome, on her Rest,

And rob her of the Heav'n she's now possess.

Let Those, whose Love and Faith were doubted,  
Belief, by Shews of Sorrow, which they feign, <sup>[gain]</sup>

You, whose whole Life, in ev'ry Act, is crown'd,

Are not to superstitious Custom bound.

Rather, a *Widower* now, of Wisdom prove

The Pattern ; as, a *Husband* late, of Love.

Indulgent Heav'n has bless'd your Marriage Bed,

Nor, with your *Consort*, is your Comfort fled.

Behold the Pledges of your mutual Joys !

Delighted, trace their *Mother* in her *Boys* :

With wise Submission, wait the Sov'reign Will,

Improve good Fortune, and endure your ill.

And, Thou, lamented, sacred, Dust, remain

Untroubled, till thy Beauties spring again :

Soft

Soft be thy Sleep, till the last Morn appears---  
And, ye, her lov'd *Relations*, dry your Tears,  
And make that Use of her mourn'd Funeral,  
As of a *Crystal*, broken by a Fall,  
Whose several Pieces, gather'd up, and set,  
May lesser *Mirrors* for her Sex beget.  
There let Them view Themselves, until they see  
What End of all their Glories soon will be,  
And wish they had such Qualities, as she.

Time flies apace, and Life is full of Woes,  
A Torch puf't out by ev'ry Wind that blows!  
Matter for Sighs we find with our first Breath,  
And but draw Air to render back to Death.  
The Lucky may enjoy short-liv'd Delight :  
But Grief is Man's *Hereditary Right*.

Hence

Hence the old *Thracian* Sages us'd to mourn  
When *Children* were, with Cries and Torment, born;  
But, at their Death, believ'd them truly blest,  
Because the Fates had laid them then to rest,

OFFLY, ere long *we*, too, must Trophies fall  
To that victorious Conqueror of *All*!

But shall we say the Victor's not our Friend,  
That, with our Lives, put Sorrows to an End?  
Trust me, the Spring that trickles from our Eyes  
Is natural--- but, as we die, it dries.

One friendly Stroke will wipe away our Tears,  
And prove that all our Mis'ry flows from Fears,







T O

Mr. A———D———,

On seeing a

SPECIMEN of his POETRY.



S, when, thro' barren Wilds of trackless

[Sand,  
Th' eternal Curse of hot *Arabian* Land!

The wandering, weary, breathless Tra-

[veller goes,

Nor where to meet with wish'd Refreshment knows;

Till, sudden, rising, in his dubious Way,

A cooling Stream, whose clear Meanders play

Thro' Sunburnt Banks, and brighten up the Day,

Sweetly

Sweetly surpriz'd, to find a Blessing plac'd,  
 In that forlorn, inhospitable, Waste,  
 Prostrate, he lays his Lifeless Limbs supine,  
 And, grateful to its Origin Divine,  
 Luxuriant feasts, and calls the Water Wine.  
 So I, dear *D*——, long distress'd to find  
 Our Native *Scotia* to the Muse unkind;  
 Pain'd to survey such Multitudes of Men,  
 Without the Compass of *Apollo's* Ken;  
 At each Discovery of a Bard I make,  
 The utmost Pleasure, Life can yield, partake.  
 With the old *Hebrew Sage*, I wish Mankind  
 Were Prophets all—to Poetry inclin'd;  
 For I'd not have them Priests, of a Prosaic Mind.

How great, how welcome, was my late Surprise,  
 When your Essays saluted first my Eyes?

How blest to meet, where Poets are so few,  
 A Kindred Mind ! a second *D——* too !  
 Be this thy Praise ; for I can praise no more :  
 A *D——* is, at least, worth half a Score.  
 O may you, like the first immortal Name,  
 Break thro' hard Fate, and raise an equal Fame ;  
 While I, who, singly, long have serv'd the Muse,  
 In that Poetic Province most refuse ;  
 Proud of your Friendship, studious of your Aid,  
 Record, with double Zeal, the Dictates of the  
 [Maid.

Oft, as I forward dart a curious Eye  
 Into the Depths of dark Futurity,  
 With fond Delight, I comprehend the Time  
 When *Scotia's* Sons shall rise in deathless Rhime ;  
 When *Phœbus*, who affords it longest Days,  
 Shall crown us too with everlasting Bays.



I see, Prophetic, Crowds of Bards inspir'd,  
Their Country's Glory ! by the World admir'd !  
No more a Poet rising now and then,  
As in dull Realms where Nature grudges Men ;  
But new *Buchanans* every where abound,  
And *Caledonia* rival holy Ground,  
Again our *Thule* shall Distinction boast,  
And Bards, like Stars, shine brighter by the Frost.

Affist, dear Youth, in this great Cause of Wit,  
And high among your Country's Patriots sit.  
Produce the Fires, that in your Bosom dwell :  
You need but write, to shew you can excel.





T O T H E

Right Honourable \_\_\_\_\_

Who said, I was rude to Him.



UST as a *Dog*, with fond Caresses,  
 His eager Fawnings, frequent Kisses,  
 Bedirteth most the *Man* he loves ;

It, every Day, in Friendship proves :

For I no more can pass a Day

Without your Company, than TRAY

His Gambols can forbear to play.

Now, when, by such a Simile,

I state the Case 'twixt you and me,

You

You cannot call me sawcy Rogue,  
Since you're the *Man*, and I the *Dog*.  
Still act the *Man*, in your Behaviour ;  
And on me, lavish out your Favour !  
Tho' I, poor *Dog* ! perhaps uncivil !  
Decorum spoil, and play the Devil.







# V E R S E S

ON A

## Friend's MARRIAGE,

H E mortal Man (said Master *Flaccus*)  
 T Was bold as *Mars*, or drunk as *Bac-*  
 Who, first, an Oar or Sculler ply'd, <sup>[chus,</sup>  
 And forc'd his Wealth, thro' Wind and Tide,

*Britannia's* Monarch, *James* yclypt,  
 Who Peace and Puns religious kept,  
 Pronounc'd him bolder still, who durst  
 Venture to eat an *Oyster* first,

A cer-

A certain Sage, and Friend of mine,  
 (For all his Gown, and Air, divine)  
 Declares the Man out-brav'd by no Man,  
 Who beds a lusty, rampant, Woman,  
 Nor is it his peculiar Creed—  
 St. *Paul* first put it in his Head.  
 Were I to mention my Opinion,  
 I'd prove my self the Doctor's Minion,  
 And frankly own my good Friend C——'s  
 Bolder than any Rake, that rambles ;  
 Forasmuch-as a Clap, or Pox,  
 May put an End to Rover's Jokes :  
 But he, (which you will call a hard Case)  
 In Marriage ventur'd twice his Carcase---  
 First, while unripe and under Age,  
 A wanton Widow did engage ;

And,

And, having worn out half his Mettle,  
And known what 'tis to Wive and settle,  
Had Courage to defy his Doom,  
In the Arms of one, of Virgin Bloom.  
*Herculean* Labours both, you'll say, Sir!  
Yet he's alive unto this Day, Sir!  
Mayst thou, O VENUS, Queen of Love!  
Propitious to thy Champion prove;  
And his Atchievements, long renown'd,  
With Offspring fair, and brave, be crown'd;  
An Offspring worthy of their Birth,  
Worthy their Name, and native Earth!








T O A

Right Honourable *Grumbletonian*.

 **W** HILOM, a Fox, a-crofs a cryftal Stream  
Was fwimming, and, when to the Bank  
[he came,  
Found it too fteep and flippery to afcend.

He climb'd, he leap'd, but could not gain his End:

Nor this the whole Misfortune of his Life---

For, labouring thus with uneffectual Strife,

Behold a hideous Form of bloody Flies,

Settling, attack'd and ftung his Ears and Eyes.

An

An Hedg-hog, standing near the fatal Place,

Observ'd and pity'd *Reynard's* doleful Case.

" Brother, if I not help you out with Ease,

" At least, these Insects that molest and teaze,

" Shall by some Ways and Means of mine retire--.

I thank you, Sir, 'tis more than I require,

Let my good Neighbours, quarter'd here, alone:

Their Bellies fill'd, they'll Volunteer be gone:

But, were they driven by Violence away,

Another Swarm, more terrible than they,

Wou'd take their Places, with an Onset rude,

And drain my Body of each Drop of Blood.

Thus, when the SAMIANS held a close Debate,

And wou'd depose their *Minister of State*,

Sage *Æsop* spoke, (as *ARISTOTLE* says)

And sav'd the mighty W-----E of those Days.

" Ye

“ Ye Men of SAMOS, like the Fox, be wise,  
“ Who us’d no Violence to the bloody Flies.  
“ Your *Demagogue* for Avarice is try’d—  
“ That He’s prodigious rich is not deny’d.  
“ Now, think, when he has got sufficient Store,  
“ He’ll have no Need to plunder you for more.  
“ But, if ye shou’d condemn the Man to die,  
“ Some needy Person will of course supply  
“ His envied Place ; and, in his Turn, create,  
“ By *Ways and Means*, another such Estate.

O P——— this important Fable weigh,  
Apply the Moral, and impartial say,  
You’d yet be W----’s Friend, so you might squeeze  
Our Remainder of Property, with Ease.

But



But the instructed *Britons*, cautious grown,  
 Will trust no craving Candidates unknown.  
 Our present Flies will soon have suckt their Fill,  
 Then *Gratis* serve, and keep their Places still.





# EPI TAPH

For the **TOMB** of a **MISER**, who bilk'd  
his Relations for the Fame of building  
an **HOSPITAL**.

**TOP**, Passenger---but shed no Tear---

**S** A *Miser's* Corps is buried here,

Who bilk'd his Friends, and pinch'd himself,

To heap for Strangers Sums of Pelf.

He hop'd a Piety, so odd,

Wou'd recommend his Soul to God,

And make the Name, that stunk alive,

For ever favoury survive.

To say he's damn'd were not so fit:

But who thinks not the *Biter bit*?

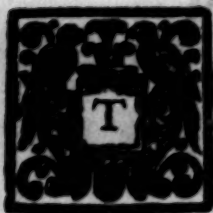
CATHO-

†



CATHOLICK BRASS;  
OR, THE  
Power of IMPUDENCE;

P O E M.



THY Pow'r, O brazen *Impudence*, I  
[sing:  
My Muse, audacious, stretch a stedd  
[Wing,  
To topmost Point of tow'ring Fame  
[aspire,  
As bold PROMETHEUS rap'd the heav'nly Fire.

I feel, I feel the *Catholick* Virtue rise !  
I dare, I soar above incumbent Skies !

With



With Forehead proud, I scale the blest Abodes,  
And rush, undaunted, midst immortal Gods!  
Lo! at *Jove's* Table, I presume to sit,  
And claim, unblushing, the Reward of Wit!  
Round with the *Nectar*, ye cogenial Powers,  
*We* only live--- for Happiness is ours.  
Thus high exalted o'er the vulgar Throng,  
I challenge great *Apollo's* self, in Song!  
Thou HERMES, God of Eloquence and Lays,  
Resign thy bold Pretensions to the Bays.  
Superior Virtues claim the foremost Place,  
And I bear strong Credentials in my Face.  
Hence, ye prophane, ye modest, bashful, Fools,  
Ye Soul-less Sinners, ty'd to civil Rules---  
Glory and Fortune were not made for you!  
Ill are they relish'd, by an abject Crew.

Grovel on Earth, from which your Beings came,  
'Tis *Catholick Brass*, that makes its Way to Fame.

O Godlike Energy, that crowns Mankind !  
In which, alone, we Inspiration find !  
By whose sole Influence, Men appear divine !  
What lordly Crowds, beneath thy Banners shine?  
How shall I praise thy Usefulness, and Worth?  
Invigorate me, to shew thy Virtues forth.

Rude was the World, till brave Ambition sprung,  
And *Impudence* inspir'd the talking Tongue.  
Men dully loll'd in Ignorance and Ease,  
And sought Contentment in unactive Peace.  
All were alike distinguish'd in the Crowd,  
And inborn Merit mop'd beneath a Cloud.

But,

But, when they learnt Assurance to aspire,  
 Their frozen Spirits felt enlivening Fire.  
 Sudden each daring Genius forward preft,  
 And strove to shine conspicuous o'er the Rest.  
 Then *Arts* and *Sciences* began their Shine!  
 Thou, *Brass*, wast their Original Divine.

Zealots of humble, sneaking, sheepish, Thought!  
 Awake, and view the Wonders it has wrought.  
 What Miracles in Human Life are shown,  
 That owe their Birth to *Impudence* alone!  
 The *Court*, the *Camp*, the *Church*, the *Bar*, survey,  
 And mark, in each, the *Powerful* and the *Gay*;  
 Think how they *first* to high Preferment rose,  
 What *first* made strutting *Heroes*, *Bishops*, *Beaus*?  
 What *Places*, *Pensions*, *Titles*, and *Renown*,  
 Beneath auspicious *Impudence* have grown?



# 308 P O E M S

How have its Heirs from humblest Stations sprung,  
And to the Top of Fortune's Grandeur clung?  
*Brass*, *Catholick Brass*, the fair Distinctions gave,  
Polish'd the *Clown*, and spirited the *Brave*.

What glorious Actions are, by *Brass*, inspir'd?  
Ye Sons of MARS, what else your Conduct fir'd?  
What made the deathless ALEXANDER great?  
And what thy Conquests, *Cæsar*, so compleat?  
Thou, CROMWELL, thou its Excellency know'st,  
Thy strange Success to *Impudence* thou ow'st!  
And what, O *Persian* Rebel, now supports  
Thy daring Soul, and awes the neighbouring Courts?

Turn we our Eyes amid the *reasoning* Herd,  
For sage *Oration*s thro' the World rever'd,

Say,

Say, To what Source shall we their Virtues trace?

*Brass'd* were alike their Genius, Pen, and Face!

To *Brass* the great DEMOSTHENES we owe!

From *Brass* did TULLY's pow'rful Rhetorick flow!

What moving Sermons from the *Pulpit* drop?

What *Folio's* fill the *Bibliopola's* Shop?

Alike inspir'd--- 'twas *Brass*, that sent 'em forth,

Possess't, or not, with true intrinsick Worth.

Sage AUSTIN, ORIGEN, AQUINAS, SCOT,

AMBROSE and GREGORY, were, on *Brass*, begot.

To *Brass*, the modern HAMMOND, EACHARD, MEAR,

BURNET, and BENTLEY, owe their being read.

Thou, ATTERBURY, thou SACHEVERELL, know'ft

How much to holy *Impudence* thou ow'ft.

'Twas that, which gave your *Schemes* and *Conduct*  
[Birth,  
And stock'd with rev'rend Lumber, half the Earth.

# 310 P O E M S

But, if a *perfect Character* there be,  
 Consider HENLEY, and confess 'tis *He!*  
 In his egregious *Conduct*, *Face*, and *Mind*,  
*Antient* and *Modern* Impudence are join'd!  
 Not *thine*, O KEYBER, brazen-fronted *Bard*,  
 Can be with HENLEY'S *Virtues* once compar'd!  
 Nor *thine*, O CURLL, of infamous *Renown*,  
 The Bane and Scandal of the credulous Town!

From Personages solemn, let us pass,  
 And view what Service *Love* has had of *Brass*.  
*Coquers*, and *Prudes*, by *That*, have oft been won,  
 And *Ladies*, lock'd up from the Sight of Sun.  
 When *Sighs*, and *Prayers*, and conquering *Money*,  
 [fail,  
 The Arts of pow'rful *Impudence* prevail.  
 O blest HIBERNIA! Source of dear Delights!  
 Whose Sons are *doubly* arm'd, for fierce *venereal*  
 [Fights.  
 survey



Survey the *Court*—But, Muse, thy Labour spare—  
 A MODEST Man is deem'd a *Monster there* !  
 ---As in a Market, *There 'tis bought and sold,*  
 And *Brass* meets *Brass*, as *Gods* met *Gods*, of old.  
 The *Statesman*, *Soldier*, *Lawyer*, *Priest*, and *Whore*,  
 Alike thy Aid, O *Impudence*, implore.  
 All jostle in the Crowd, and forward press,  
 And factious *Parties* this one Aim confess.

Gods ! how accomplish'd looks the Man, who  
*Push home*, and shew the Talents, that he wears !  
 How a *convenient Stock* deludes the Wise,  
 And makes 'em look on *Fools* with friendly Eyes !  
 How Men, are reckon'd *learn'd*, who *nothing know* !  
 How want of Sense is veil'd by pompous Show !  
 A very *Bankrupt*, by the Aid of *Brass*,  
 Preserves his *Credit*, and is sure to pass.

# 312 P O E M S

Who wishes not, to have a moderate Share?

O had I *sooner* thought it worth my Care!

A Slave to daftard *Modesty*, too long,

I sacrific'd my *Time*, my *Sense*, and *Song*.

From *Me*, young Men, your proper Interest learn;

I write experienc'd, and the World forewarn.

Go *boldly on*, nor spend dull Time in *Thought*;

*Thinking*, and *Breeding*, now, avail but nought!

Wou'd you be *Wise*, *Great*, *Rich*, and reckon'd so?

*Be Impudent*, no better Means I know.

A *Fool* may hope to be a *Peer* by *Brass*;

And every Day the *Cassock* cloaths the *Ass*.

Man's great Concern in *Living*, is, to *live*,

(Ye Sons of *LEVY*, if I err, forgive)

And,

And, to *live well*, 'tis Prudence to acquire  
Whate'er contributes, to *promote us high'r*.  
All human Souls ambitious are to *rise*,  
And *Impudence* bids fairest for the Prize.







*ET CÆTERA.*

A

PANEGYRICK.

Address'd to

Dr. *S W I F T.*

---

*Seria mixta Jocis.*

---



*T Cætera*, thou glorious Trifle ! how

Shall I the Fame, thou well deserv'st,  
[bestow]

In vain wou'd Art thy Excellency  
[raise,

And Fancy's self is non-plus'd in thy Praise.

Yet will my Muse attempt a daring Flight,

To shew my Zeal, tho' not describe Thee right.

Aid

Aid me, O SWIFT; and to the latest Times,  
To your bright Genius sacred be the Rhimes.

*Et Cætera*, when had thy Being Birth?  
Or wert thou form'd before the finish'd Earth?  
Hadst Thou a Maker? or, at GOD's first Word,  
Didst thou not start up, on thy own accord?  
Yes--- for when Light, the first Day's Labour!  
Thy Being flily to its Being clung. [sprung,  
The Heav'ns and Earth, that just began to be,  
Were all *Et Cætera*, and contain'd in *Thee*.

Why then, ye *Sages*, is it boldly said,  
That out of *Nothing*, every *Thing* was made?  
*Et Cætera* a *Non-ens* do ye make?  
I say, with Reverence, 'tis a dull Mistake;

For

For all Things, in *Et Cætera's* Bosom, lay,

From the great *First*, unto the *Final*, Day.

Now, cou'd a *Nothing* Crowds of *Something* hold?

Without a *Mine*, can there be *Veins* of Gold?

Or, to speak plainer to your common Sense,

(And then my *Thesis* will need no Defence)

Did not your selves originally come,

Each of you, from your proper Mother's Womb?

And was that Womb no more than empty Space?

---Ye see, learn'd Sirs, it is a puzzling Case!

And so I leave it as I found it first;

Determine ye whose Notion is the worst.

For *Me*, I'd rather to your Terms submit,

Than cross my Muse, for deep Disputes unfit!

Take ye the Judgment, and give me the Wit.

Hard Words, to which I've no Ideas got,

Like *Hasty-Pudding*, harbour in my Throat.

Alike,



Alike, dull Food and Learning suit with *Me* !

My Stomach turns at all, that is not *free*.

But to return, before I run too far,

(For *Episodes* a clear Connection marr,

And I shou'd be asham'd, to have it said,

A roving Muse betrays a roving Head)

My Task is next, on that Foundation Stone,

(I mean my forefaid *Problem*) to go on,

And sing how, of all mortal Beings, *We*

Authors of Books oblig'd t' *Et Cætera* be.

And here, my Muse, a spacious Field survey !

In spite of Rules, and DENNIS self, display

A Scene of Fancy, whimsical and gay :

Make *Dedicators* chiefly know the Debt

They owe *Et Cætera*, lest they shou'd forget.

How

# 318 P O E M S

How oft by *It*, important Word! with Ease,  
Do *begging* Scriblers find the Way to please?  
When to a *Lord*, or honourable *Knight*,  
They mean (unknowing what is fit) to write—  
If ignorant of his Honours, Titles, Places—  
One right *Et Cætera* can preserve his Graces.  
Shou'd they not Virtues, in their Patrons, find;  
Or be they not, t' enumerate each, inclin'd,  
From *Common-Place*, an Author's needful Bank!  
Let them pick one—*Et Cætera* fills the Blank.

Then, by the Way, ye great Ones, learn to know  
How much ye to *Et Cætera's* Bounty owe.  
Entreat him kindly, when ye chance to read,  
And, when he means well, trust him as your *Creed*:  
Believe, he lyes not, when he makes you *Great*,  
Or *Good*, or *Learn'd*, or of a large *Estate*:

Nor

Nor be unmindful to reward the Pen,

That put him there, to make you *famous Men*.

But Authors, keen on Mischief, and on Blood,

Oft make *Et Cætera* quit a Cause, that's good,

To war on Satire's and on Slander's Side---

Alas ! too oft its Force is thus apply'd !

Reveals he Faults, or does he vent a Curse,

*Et Cætera* can make it ten times worse.

As for Example, " Sir, the other Day,

" You call'd me *Villain, Rogue, Et Cætera* :

I (to be ev'n) the Art of Slandering try'd,

And, in your Face, " You *Knave, Et Cætera*, cry'd.

Hence, O ye Mortals, learn a moral Use---

Never *Et Cætera's* Honesty abuse :

He



He means no Ill--- but oft, alas ! betray'd,  
He stands, where *Sampson's* self might be afraid.  
Another Moral does my Doctrine teach,  
To keep from an enrag'd *Et Cætera's* Reach.  
Is he, when Reason bids him reprehend,  
Or to be blam'd, or reckon'd not a Friend ?  
Your Business, Sirs, is so to *speake* and *do*,  
That black *Et Cætera's* may not strike at you.

Say next, my Muse, how useful is his Aid,  
Where Words are wanting, either to persuade,  
Or reprobate, enlarge, or reprehend,  
Elude, confute, exaggerate, defend.  
O how he serves, to grace a *Title Page* !  
Commend the Sale ! and Reader's Heart engage !  
'Tis true, he's often forc'd, alas ! to stand,  
And skreen the Ignorance of a Point in Hand.

The

The very *Pulpit* Business for him finds :

He drudges most, to humour lazy Minds !

When *Priests* forget their Doctrine, or a Text,

*Et Cætera* passes for what *should be* next :

A Refuge ready to the most perplex'd !

In this, all Authors, but the *Poets*, sin ;---

They, Men of Conscience ! rarely fill a Line

With an *Et Cætera*--- tho' we must confess,

When Reason's wanting, Rhime is little less.

*Et Cætera* ! thou useful, busied, Thing !

Enough I cannot, in thy Praises, sing :


Yet must I stop, for want of Words, to say

How much I am thy Friend, *Et Cætera*.





T H E  
P A T R I O T.


 H E N publick *Debts* make publick  
 [ *Taxes* rise,  
 And threaten'd *War* demands enlarg'd  
 [ *Supplies*,  
 Wilt Thou, O *W*——— for one Year,  
 [ *assign*,  
 To *sinking Funds* those *Perquisites* of thine?  
 N——, T——, to be *truly Great*,  
 Say, Will ye serve, *unbir'd*, the *British* State?  
 Wilt thou, *A*——, as *ancient Heroes* fought,  
 Court glorious Wounds, and lead our Arms for  
 Or, wou'd ye, *Ch*—— and *P*——, boast  
 [ *Nought*?  
*More generous Conduct*, did ye rule the *Roast*?

Wou'd



Wou'd R——, C——, and L——, glow  
 With nobler Flame, and greater Virtue show?  
 O——, and M——, and St——, once were in——  
 Wou'd they not *be* what they've already *been*?  
 And who expects to find a Patriot true,  
 In faithless W——, and a perjur'd Crew?

Ah! where's our boasted *national* Regard?  
 Who looks on *Virtue* as its own *Reward*?  
 Where is the BRITON, who, with generous Heart,  
 Will keep his *Place*— but with its *Profits* part?  
 To ease the *Publick*, where, O where's the Man,  
 Who lives on *just as little* as he can?  
 Will serve the *King* and *Country* with his *Blood*?  
 And lose his *All* to gain the *common Good*?

Of GREEKS and ROMANS, but remains the *Name!*  
 And shall the World be robb'd of *British* Fame?  
 The *present* Age extinguish *ancient* Fire?  
 And *publick* Zeal and *Liberty* expire?  
 Ah! must the Tale in *future* Times be told?  
 And *Sons*, unborn, their *Fathers* Shame behold?  
 Shall *Strangers* see the *British* *Annals* fill'd  
 With Names, more odious than a B---T, or WILD?

At length, awake; and, with *united* Zeal,  
 Assert the Interests of the *publick* Weal:  
 Be *brave* in *Arms---* but at the *least* *Expence*;  
 Nor think it *Hardship*, in your *Land's* Defence.  
 And ye, who want not *Means* enough to live,  
*Salaries* and *Pensions* to the *Publick* give:

What glorious *Patriots* will the BRITONS be,  
Who, like their *Sires*, unfordid, brave, and free,  
*Superfluous* Wealth and *Luxury* cashier,  
To aid the *sinking Fund*, and *set the Nation clear*!

Vain *Wish*! vain *Summons* to a People, nurst  
In *faction* Times, and with *Corruption* curst!  
Who, but a GOD, can *fix our reeling State*,  
*Unite our Hearts*, and *make us truly great*?  
These Ends *Herculean Virtues* might attain—  
But, ah! we look for *Saviours*, now, in vain!  
All *seek their own*; and *publick Welfare* love,  
But for *Themselves*, and as their *Interests* move!  
*Extravagance* and *Luxury* prevail,  
And, every Day, the *Patriot Virtues* fail!



Once, O BRITANNIA, Heroes were thy Pride---

A *Single Worthy* spread his Influence wide :

One GODLIKE Genius, of the *Patriot Race*,

New-moulded Men, and chang'd a Nation's Face!

In darkest Times thy CARACTATUS shone,

And ROME admir'd the Glories of thy Son !

---But, in one Age, the PHOENIX scarce appears !

TIMOLEONS breathe not every Thousand Years!

How long ere matchless *Guardian WALLACE* came?

No *Hireling Patriot He!* and *next to none*, in Fame!

Then, O ye *Shades*, with deathless Glories crown'd!

Ye *British Ghosts*, in Annals long renown'd !

If, in your blest *Elysium*, ye can find

One leisure Hour to think of Human Kind ;

If,

If, *mindful* of your once lov'd *Race* and *Isle*,  
Ye can suspend your *Happiness* a while;  
Inspire new *Forms*, or your old *Flesh* resume,  
To crush *Corruption*, and strike *Faction* dumb,  
Else *selfish Souls* our *common Rights* will rend,  
And sacrifice *BRITANNIA* in the End !

'Twas thus, at once, the ancient *Roman* Boast,  
Their noble *Spirit*, and their *Reign*, were lost !  
An easy *Prey* the wretched *Sons* became,  
In whose *Corruptions* sunk the *Fathers* Fame !

Already, lo ! the *GOTHS* and *VANDALS* waste  
Our manly *Sense*, and *Liberty*, and *Taste* !  
See ! how the great and generous *Arts* decay !  
Behold ! our boasted *Genius* falls a *Prey* !

*Unnatural Postures, and effeminate Airs,*  
*And queer Grimace, are National Affairs !*  
*Alike, the Court, the Soldier, and the Cit,*  
*Admires Buffoonry, and takes Tricks for Wit !*  
*Loves foreign Follies, doats on foreign Fools,*  
*Aliens to Sense, to Nature, and to Rules !*  
*While our neglected MUSEs fly the Field,*  
*The vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors yield !*

*Sleep, sleep, ye Ghosts, unconscious of our Taste,*  
*By Show deluded, and by Sound debas'd !*  
*Ah ! look not on your Sons, degenerate grown,*  
*Nor, in our Features, think to trace your own.*  
*Nothing, with you, but what was Just, was good ;*  
*And nothing lik'd but what was understood ;*  
*Alike, to Arts and Artists ye were kind,*  
*And most, rejoyc'd in Pleasures of the Mind ;*

*Maintain'd*



Maintain'd no Follies at a vast Expence,  
Nor pay'd to Sound the due Reward of Sense ;  
Pleas'd with your Native Wit, and Arts, and Arms,  
Ye kept your Gold at Home, nor courted Foreign  
[Charms.

But ye were Giants ! Ah ! what Pigmies we !  
How different far from BRITONS, BRITONS be ?  
Ye bravely fought, and gave the Nation Fame,  
And judg'd the Fate of Arts and Arms the same !  
We lose our Spirit, baffle Reason's Rules,  
And to be fashionable, will be Fools !  
How are we fal'n ! Is this th' Effect of Peace ?  
For this did MARLB'ROUGH's conquering Legions  
[cease ?  
Is this the Way our Glory to maintain ?  
Ah ! can we thus the Youth for Battle Train ?  
Already, are the publick Debts discharg'd,  
Since Luxury's wide Bounds are much enlarg'd ?

Are

Are *South-Sea* Breaches then repair'd at last?

Or why, on Trifles, all this *Treasure's* Waste?

But, Muse, be hush, and better learn the Right--:

Can Errors dwell with People so polite?

Wou'd Beaus and Belles, the Glory of the Age,

Consent to Folly, and in Vice engage?

Such Folks as we can no Instruction want :

SHAKESPEARE and OTWAY are the Poets Cant.

Our Sires were dull, unpolish'd, unrefin'd---

Poor Souls, they hugg'd the Pleasures of the Mind!

They ne'er a charming SENESINO had,

Nor knew the Blessing of a *Masquerade* !

Never to Them a HEIDEGGER gave Law !

They ne'er a FAWKS and VIOLANTE saw !

Alas ! poor Men, they liv'd and dy'd unblest !

And reckon'd *Farce* and *Pantomime* a Jest !

More

More happy, and much wiser, we have found  
Glories, that cou'd not breed on *British* Ground!  
We Contradictions reconcile, at once,  
By Recipe's from ITALY and FRANCE!  
Imported Pleasures, of the softer Kind,  
New-mould our Genius, and reform the Mind!  
Posterity will \* \* \* \*

*Desunt Cætera.*







T O

## L U C I N D A.

THE Character how glorious, and how  
 T When modest Virtue blends the beauteous [rare,  
 [Fair!

The Soul informs, and brightens, ev'ry Grace,

And is *it self* made lovely by the Face.

LUCINDA, those, who thy Perfections view,

Must own this Truth exemplify'd in you.

In you, all Beauty's boasted Charms are join'd,

And all those Charms illumin'd by your Mind.

But you, unconscious of your Pow'r, disclaim

Your Right to reign the first in Female Fame.

CLEORA'S

CLEORA's Title humbly you prefer,  
Content to wish you but cou'd copy her.

Ah! wou'dst thou still be Empress of my Heart,  
Be still the same, the very same thou art.

Wert thou CLEORA, *lovely* thou migh't be,  
But not *belov'd*, so Sov'reignly, by Me.





S T A N Z A's

(Publish'd in the *Daily Journal*.)

On Reading the

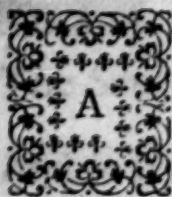
D U N C I A D.

---

 By a Neutral BARD.
 

---

## I.

N *Herd of Swine*, to the deep Sea,

Was headlong hurl'd, in HOLY WRIT:

*Another HERE*, as all agree,Is sunk in an *Abyss* of Wit.

## II.

But, as the DEVILS, in *that Case*,

The filly, wretched, Cattle drown'd;

Who cou'd, but DEVILS, in *this Place*,Plunge POETS, in the vast *Profound*?

III. No



III.

No Wonder *Those* contrive that *These*

Shou'd share of *their allotted Hell*—

DEVILS have ever us'd such Ways

With Mortals, since from *Heaven they fell.*

IV.

Now, cou'd ought give ill-fated Elves

*Malignant Pleasure*, 'twould be this,

“ To think their *Torturers* are themselves

“ *Tormented* in the *black Abyss.*





To the AUTHOR of

S T A N Z A's,

On Reading the

D U N C I A D.

Publish'd in the DAILY JOURNAL.

I.



O W dreadful were the World's Alarms,

When BARDS, an *irritable Race*,

Discordant, fiercely flew to Arms,

And broke the MUSES' publick Peace!

II.

Mankind, confounded with the Dinn

Of Battle, waited for the Day,

When *Neutral Pow'rs* wou'd once begin

A CONGRESS, to conclude the Fray.

III. But

III.

But Hope was vain from mortal Hand---

No Means cou'd either Army quell,

'Till thou, at once, didst both disband,

And Helter Skelter drive to Hell.

IV.

While wallowing in the vast Profound,

Alike for SWINE and DEVILS fit !

They meet, condemn'd; may'ft thou be crown'd

The Great Deliverer of Wit.

V.

Henceforth, let Poesie, and Peace,

Adown PARNASSUS, pour their Stream ;

Nor may one of the MUSE's Race

Receive, till Merit gives him Fame.



## .VI.

May *Helicon* no more a Mire

Be seen, like fatal, foul, *FLEETDITCH*,

Fitter to choak, than to inspire

Men, curst with the *Poetick Itch*?

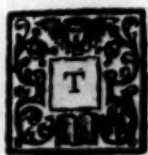




O N

# CLARISSA.

I.



H E finest Shape, the fairest Face,  
The noblest Mien, and Air, and Grace,

Command Attention, and inspire

Beholding Crowds with amorous Fire.

But ne'er can human Person shine

So beauteous and so near divine,

As where, with every Virtue blest,

The Soul Superior stands confest.

## II.

In bright CLARISSA'S heav'nly Frame

Meet all Perfections, worthy Fame.

To crown her, what could Nature more?

And who can see, and not adore?

But what a Triumph *Vice* must boast,

Were bright CLARISSA'S Lustre lost?

What Ground wou'd honest *Virtue* lose?

What *Atheist* I'd be at the News?







O N

CLARISSA.

I.



WITH Virtues, Loves, and Graces join'd,  
Not EVE in EDEN, ere she finn'd,

CLARISSA's Angel Form out-shin'd,

And rais'd more Admiration !

Her Stature, Shape, her Mien, and Air,

Her Bosom, Breasts, Her Neck and Hair,

Her Eyes so bright, and Face so fair,

Are fraughted with Temptation.

## II.

Ye *Sages*, say, by Flesh and Blood,  
How can such Beauties be withstood?  
What *Hermit* wou'd not, if he cou'd,  
To Wantonneſs perſuade her !  
But, round her Stock of Innocence,  
The flaming Swords of Wit and Senſe  
Turn every Way in her Defence,  
Againſt the bold Invader !





# Political P O E T R Y.

[ 1728. ]

---

*Nil pictis timidus Navita puppibus  
Fidit.*

H O R.

---



Golden Show'r (as *Heathen* Writers  
[say,])

Melted *Miss* DANAË's Maidenhead away.

Nor *Brazen* Gates, nor Bars of *Steel*,  
[cou'd prove

Invincible, in Spite of *Gold* and *Love*.

No Wonder then a *Turnkey*'s Daughter, led

By *Love* of *Gold*, with great *RIPPERDA* fled.

Shou'd it seem strange a *common Soldier* took

A *Bribe*, and fondly follow'd *such a Duke*?



# 344 P O E M S

All this, and more, is practis'd every Day---  
 But, that this Case is *such*, will *Politicians* say?  
 ---What if the fam'd *Escape* shou'd prove a *Blind*?  
 By ploding *Spaniards* cunningly design'd?  
 Remember, BRITONS, how you've been deceiv'd,  
 By GUNDAMORE's implicitly believ'd!  
 ---But hence, *Suspicion*---GEORGE can ne'er be bit,  
 ---What *Court* can prudent CAROLINE outwit?  
 While Patriot WALPOLE manages the Helm,  
 Shall PHILIP's crazy *Consort* overwhelm  
 The *British* State, by Policy profound?  
 Shall ALBERONI rise again renown'd?  
 \* DANVERS and HOADLY sooner shall agree,  
 And DUDGE and MANLY in one Interest be!

---

\* Authors of Weekly Papers on different Sides.

---Yet,

---Yet, wak'd to Caution by a simple *Bard*,  
 Ne'er may we find our *Centry's* off their *Guard*—  
 Still may *BRITANNIA's Watchmen* walk their Round,  
 And let no Harm approach her hallow'd Ground!  
 The *Publick Safety* is the *Patriot's* Aim,  
 And *Caution* proves the Ground and Guard of *Fame*.





A

## P I C T U R E

Of the RISE and FALL of a

## S T A T E S M A N.

---

Inscrib'd to Mr. THOMAS GORDON.

---



EAR THOMAS, did you never see

('Tis but by Way of *Simile*)*The Watermen at Temple Stairs,**Officious in their own Affairs,**Attentive looking up the Lane,**In Hopes some Passenger to gain,*

Who,



Who, being come, they croud to meet,  
 And, all at once, loud-bawling, greet  
 With Proffer of their *Sculs* and *Oars*,  
 And call their Brothers *Sons of Whores*;  
 Nor cease their noisy Zeal, till he  
 Says This or That's the Man for me?  
 But, back returning, not a Word,  
 Nor Hat does e'er a Man afford;  
 No Soul attempts to make a Buffle,  
 And out of the Way his Neighbour jostle;  
 All, silent, let him pass neglected,  
 As if he ne'er had been respected?

Just so, dear THOMAS, does it fare  
 With one prefer'd to *publick Care*!  
 Around him, *Courtiers* croud to hail,  
 And to applaud him never fail,

Proffer

# 348 P O E M S

Proffer their Service, and apply  
 For *Pension, Place, or Charity* :  
 But, when turn'd out, how soon he's left !  
 How soon of flatt'ring Praise bereft !  
 Scarce is he known by those he rais'd !  
 Scarce by the giddy Rabble gaz'd !  
 'Tis well, if no Man does no worse,  
 Than pass him with an idle Curse :  
 If, but bespatter'd with their Dirt,  
 He 'scapes amid the Croud, unhurt.





A

# DIALOGUE

Between the RIGHT HONOURABLE

*A. and B.*

In Imitation of HORACE, Ode IX. Book III.

---

A.



WHILE you and I were cordial Friends,

Alike our Interests and our Ends,

I thought my Character and Place

Secure, and dreaded no Disgrace.

No Statesman e'er was more carest,

And more, in his good Fortune, blest.

B. Whilst



B.

Whilst I your other self was deem'd,  
 And worthy such Renown esteem'd ;  
 Ere great N—— won your Heart,  
 And, in your Counsels, took such Part ;  
 I was the happiest Man in Life,  
 And, but with TORIES, had no Strife.

A.

N—— noble and polite,  
 Whom G—— approves, is my Delight.

His Loyal Merit is his Claim ;

For him, I'd hazard Life and Fame.

B.

Me S. J—— now, whom every Muse  
 And every Grace adorn, subdues :  
 Attach'd to him, I've learnt to hate  
 Your Person, Politicks, and State.

A. What,

A.

What, if our former Friendship shou'd  
Return, and you have what you wou'd?  
If, for your Sake, the noble *Duke*  
Be quite discarded and forfok?

B.

Tho' S. *J*---- now my Fancy warms,  
And all his Measures have such Charms;  
Tho' he is fond, indifferent you,  
Our ancient League I'd yet renew :  
For you, I'd Speech it in the *House* ;  
For you, write *C*----- and carouse ;  
For you, with all my Heart, I'd vote ;  
For you make Friends, impeach, and plot ;  
For you, I'd die---- what wou'd I not ?





A

# Monumental O D E,

To the Virtuous MEMORY of

Dr. WALSH of *Worcestershire*:

Address'd

To his Heir and Executor, my honour'd  
Friend, THOMAS GORDON, Esq;

---

\* \* \* *Honos, nomenque manebunt.*

VIRG.

---

I.

**S**ACRED to WALSH's deathless Fame,  
(Who first reviv'd the *Roman* Flame,

And taught the BRITONS how to pay

Their Debt to *Virtue*) be my Lay.

Let



Let every *Heart* accord with mine,  
And every *Voice* in Chorus join.  
Mankind are all concern'd to raise  
A Monument to WALSH's Praise;

II.

From *Prejudice's* servile Yoak,  
Betimes his Godlike Genius broke :  
Betimes, from *Tyranny* he turn'd,  
And senseless *Superstition* spurn'd :  
*Freedom* and *Truth* his Reason charm'd :  
*Freedom* and *Truth* his Spirit warm'd :  
And every Man, in Soul a Slave,  
Was judg'd, by him, a *Fool* or *Knave*.

III.

Building on Principles so good,  
His *Faith* and *Honour* stedfast stood :

Nor *Priest* nor *Politician's* Art,  
 From Reason cou'd seduce his Heart.  
 Him no *Authority* deceiv'd:  
 For *Custom's* Sake, he nought believ'd:  
 No *specious Shew*, and *vain Pretence*,  
 Impos'd upon his noble Sense.

## IV.

Govern'd by *Custom*, let Mankind  
 Unite to censure WALSH's Mind;  
 Let them with Freedom prate, and call  
 His noble *Wisdom* Folly all:  
 Reason, that prov'd his constant Guide,  
 Will stand and conquer on his Side.  
 What *Claim*, on Him, cou'd Nature make,  
 Who *Virtue* lov'd for *Virtue's* Sake?

V.

What we call *Kindred*, Ties of Blood,  
 As well as we, he understood :  
 But what were these to one, whose *Mind*  
 And *Fortune* both were unconfin'd ?  
 The *World* his *Country* was esteem'd  
 And *all Men* were his *Kindred* deem'd.  
 'Twas *Virtue's* Work for *Him* to chuse,  
 In such a *Crowd*, and to refuse.

VI.

What, tho' his Nature was inclin'd  
 To benefit all Human Kind ?  
 The *best deserving* always prov'd,  
 In spite of Nature, most lov'd.  
 Thus, searching among Men, with Care,  
 To find an honest, worthy *Heir*,



He saw a *Stranger* to his Mind,  
And generously his All resign'd.

## VII.

Tho, GORDON, you was blest before  
In *Reputation* and in *Store* ;  
Dear to the Wise, the Great, and Good,  
And fair for high Preferment stood ;  
Tho', joyn'd with TRENCHARD's honour'd Name,  
You shone renown'd in deathless Fame ;  
Yet *This* was wanting to compleat  
Your Happiness, and make you Great,  
His *Choice*, excelling his Estate !

## VIII.

Long may my generous Friend enjoy,  
And, like the Godlike WALSH, employ  
His *Fortune*, won by true *Desert*,  
Approv'd by every honest Heart !

While,

While, by the great *Example* taught,  
The World is to Conversion wrought ;  
And, after *Precedent* so rare,  
Makes real *Excellence* its Care.

IX.

With Hopes of like *Distinction* fir'd,  
Ye *Bards*, exert your Gifts inspir'd.  
Ye *Orators* of every Kind,  
Ambitious such a Prize to find,  
Each other study to excel,  
In *Speaking* and in *Writing* well :  
If you wou'd future WALSH's move,  
Like GORDON, first *deserve* their Love.

X.

But tremble, O ye *Priests* of BAAL----  
Your Kingdom now is near its Fall :

The *Independant Whig* prevails,  
And Heav'n to him its Bounty deals.  
Henceforth be dumb, who heretofore  
Were blind, and *Providence* adore ;  
Your *Antichristian* Pow'r resign'd,  
Let *Truth* and *Reason* bless Mankind.







A  
S O N G.

---

D A M O N.

I.

SYLVIA, say,

When DAMON leaves you,

How it grieves you?

SYLVIA, say,

How do you pass the Day?

If your Share

Of Solitude and Care

Does with mine compare,

'Tis dreadful as Despair!

A a 4

II. DAMON,

## II.

DAMON, why

D'ye question

My Vexation?

DAMON, why

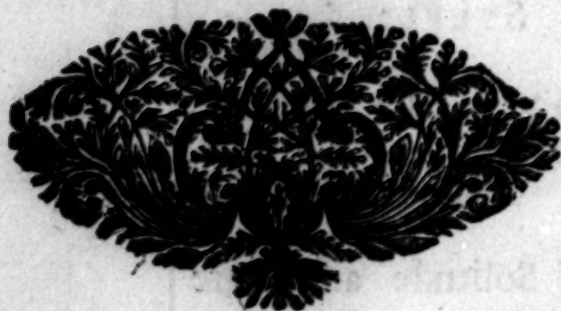
D'ye think I can have Joy?

When you're gone,

Accompany'd by none,

I, like the Turtle, moan,

When her lov'd Mate is flown.





TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

In Imitation of Horace's Ninth Epistle.

---

*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus  
Quanti me facias, &c.*

---



TU ART, in FRANCE, had heard the  
[grateful News,  
That you, Sir, deign to patronize my  
[Muse;  
And, ever since he last arriv'd in Town,

Sollicited that I wou'd make him known—

Not, in the supple Crowd, to *cringe* and *beg*,

But only *kiss* your *Hand*, and make *his Leg*.



I've told him Fifty times, I can't pretend  
To introduce to WALPOLE any Friend.

'Twere sawcy Rudeness, and too vain Conceit,  
In one of my Condition and Estate,

To lead a Stranger to a Man, so Great---

He shou'd address some *Senator* or *Lord* ;

ARGYLE himself wou'd serve him for a Word.

But, deaf to my Objections, still he sues,

Nor, erring, will accept of an Excuse ;

As if my Interest, in your Grace, he knew

Better than I my self presume to do.

Now, shou'd I *not* present my Friend, he'll swear

I've selfish Views, and keep my Interest clear---

And, if I *do*, wou'd not your *Levee* sneer ?

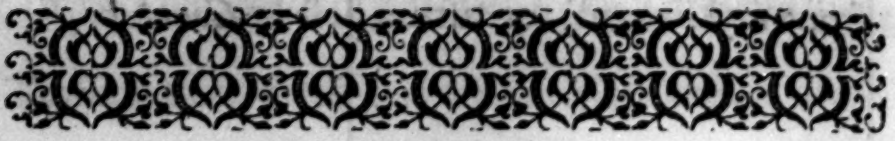
In this *Dilemma*, how shall I comport?

Affront my Friend, or turn a Jest at *Court*!

To cure his Jealousy, and keep his Love,  
 Let me, for once, with humble Boldness move,  
 And *Master of the Ceremonies* prove;  
 Tho' all Beholders shou'd condemn my *Brass*,  
 Or, laughing, mark me for an ill-bred Ass.  
 What for a Friend, is not to be allow'd?  
 And, if you're pleas'd, what care I for the Crowd?

Then may it please your Honour to forgive  
 Your MITCHELL'S Freedom, and his Friend receive;  
 His Friend, who (cou'd you trust a *Poet's* Word)  
 Is Just as Brave as ever drew a Sword,  
 An honest hearty Cock for common Weal,  
 Is one of *Us*, and has a World of Zeal.

T H E



T H E

## Battle of OTTERBURN.

A F R A G M E N T.



Y Hatred, Pride, and Love of Prey,  
 [inspir'd,  
*English and Scots* the Victors Name de-  
 [fir'd.  
 Now *These* now *Those* in Arms trium-  
 [phant stood,  
 Scorning to yield, and prodigal of Blood.

Oft did they *Both*, each other to oppose,  
 And hurt *Themselves*, make Truce with foreign Foes.  
 Reluctant, *Each* to any Terms would come,  
 And *Neither* kept an Union, long, at Home.

But



But ne'er did mutual Rage more equal prove,  
Than, when the DOUGLASS and the PIERCY strove.  
With Native and Hereditary Flame,  
*Both* burn'd for Glory, and aspir'd to Fame.  
How gallant *Both*! what Wonders *each* atchiev'd!  
The *Vanquish'd* triumph'd, and the Victor griev'd!

Sing, heav'nly *Muse*, how OTTERBURN was fought,  
How great the Victory, and how dearly bought!

When second ROBERT, aged and decay'd,  
Govern'd the Scots, were *English* Arms display'd  
In *Merse* and *Tyviot*: slow and unprepar'd,  
He saw the Wrong, nor to revenge it dar'd.  
Like *Him*, unfit his Country's Rights t' assert,  
Was JOHN of ROTHSAY: But a braver Heart

Inspir'd

Inspir'd FIFE's *Earl*; who, secretly arose  
With valiant DOUGLASS to pursue the Foes;  
And, more t' infest their most contiguous Land,  
Disjoin'd their Forces, and their chief Command.  
FIFE's *Earl*, most num'rous, Westward took his Way,  
And made CARLISLE, and all around, his Prey.  
The DOUGLASS, crossing *Tine*, to DURHAM pass'd,  
And, ere 'twas known, had laid the Country waste.

After a Course of expeditious Toil,  
Backward *He* turn'd, with an unusual Spoil;  
And, in his March, to heighten his Renown,  
Resolv'd to ravage proud NEWCASTLE Town.  
But *there* NORTHUMBERLAND's old *Earl* was come,  
To intercept his boasted Progress Home.  
From YORK to BERWICK, Men obey'd his Call,  
And *there* agreed inglorious not to fall.

Flush'd

Flush'd with Success, the DOUGLASS scorn'd their  
Boldly attack'd, and urg'd the Foe to fight. [Might,

Two Days, in Skirmish, were successless lost,  
When HOTSPUR PIERCY, from his Father's Host,  
A Challenge sent, with more than Mortal's Pride,  
To the Scot's Chief, the Difference to decide,  
In single Combat: 'Twas receiv'd with Joy,  
As, when together for the Fate of TROY,  
The Godlike HECTOR and ACHILLES met,  
Upon whose Heads whole Kingdoms might be bett.

Mounted on Steeds, the wond'rous Leaders rode;  
Each look'd an *Army*, or a *Demi-God*!  
Like two huge clashing Currents, they engag'd,  
And, some time doubtful, hot Encounter wag'd;

'Till,



# 368 P O E M S

'Till, in the Struggle, with superior Force,  
DOUGLASS bore PIERCEY, headlong from his Horse.  
Rescu'd by *English* Friends, abash'd, he fled ;  
But vow'd to see his hated *Rival* dead.

" DOUGLASS (he said) to Day has given me Pain,  
" Yet hopes to carry home my Spear in vain.

The *Scotish* Hero, joyous, left the Place ;  
But march'd with slow and meditated Pace :  
Knowing the En'my's Numbers stronger grew,  
To OTTERBURN he, cautiously, withdrew.  
To OTTERBURN the future Scene of War,  
Whose dreadful Fame shall flourish late, and far.

*There*, pitching Tents, the Soldiers, long oppress'd  
With various Travels and Fatigue, found Rest.

*There,*

There, joining Counfels, Officers agreed,  
 To seek their social Forces out with Speed :  
 But DOUGLAS, recollecting what was said  
 Of HORSBUR's Threatning, wou'd not seem afraid.  
 " He comes ('twas nois'd) the vengeful PIERCY  
 [comes!  
 " Display'd his *Banners*, sounding loud his *Drums!*  
 To Arms (the DOUGLAS call'd) tho' few my Men,  
 What Coward *Scot* will turn his Back on Ten?  
 Remember BANNOCKBURN, when they come on,  
 Nor lose the Glory that our *Fathers* won.

The *Captains*, tho' unwilling, now consent,  
 Jealous of Success, but on Glory bent.  
 Strengthening the Camp upon its weakest Side,  
 The *Soldiers*, scarce refresh'd, appear with Pride;  
 All vow'd to conquer, or with Honour fall,  
 True and obsequious to their *Leader's* Call.

'Twas in the Ev'ning of an *August* Day,  
 (Bright shone the Moon, and sweetly smelt the Hay,)  
 When twice Five Thousand *English* took the Field,  
 Of Vict'ry sure, or vowing not to yield.  
 Scornful, behind, they left a hostile Priest,  
 Their Number twice the *Scotish* Host, at least:  
 Encourag'd by the *Brother* PIERCIES, all  
 Bravely engage, and none inglorious fall.

But while, at Entry of the Camp, the Fight  
 Prov'd hot and dubious, wheeling to the Right,  
 The *Scotish* Horsemen in appointed Rank,  
 Compass a Hill, and Charge the Foes in Flank.  
 Now Tumult reign'd, and many Lives were lost,

\* \* \*

*Desunt Cætera.*





THE  
TINKER.  
A  
TALE.



Hether the Gusts of Love, or no,  
Most fierce on Female Spirits blow;

Let abler Pens dispute in Prose—

In Rhime, at present, I have chose,

By Instance of a *common Tale*,

To show, that *Nature* will prevail,

And make the Fair, who wou'd be civil,

As subtle, certes, as the Devil.

# 372 P O E M S

Upon a Time---for so my *Nurse*,  
 God wot, to me began Discourse——  
 A *Widow*, turn'd of Twenty Seven,  
 ( In Rhime, as well as Reason, even ! )  
 To a dark Room, by *Custom* chain'd,  
 At one Week's End her Cage disdain'd.  
 No wonder, Sirs ; for *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
 Sometimes, are Victors o'er the Good.  
 Now, she, tho' modest and discreet,  
 Ne'er thought her self for Glory meet.  
 A Woman may have Store of Merit,  
 Yet want---as we may say---the Spirit :  
 The Spirit, said I? By the Sequel,  
 (Which, by the by, I wish may take well)  
 You'll find she had it---But, I warn all,  
 'Twas of the common Kind, nam'd carnal.

For,

For, as we said, a Week scarce spent,  
 (And sure, the Time was like a *Lent* !)  
 In showy *Mourning*, and *Grimace*,  
 She wisely weigh'd her present Case.  
 And must I--- to her self, she said---  
 Ne'er couple, cause my *Spouse* is dead ?  
 Must I, ah me ! for ever mourn,  
 And Leaves of godly *Sermons* turn ?  
 At *Church*, must I be in Disguise,  
 With a black Veil before my Eyes ?  
 To *Balls* and *Plays*, shall I no more  
 Repair, alas ! as heretofore ?  
 Ah ! Days of *Sorrow*, ye are long !  
 Oh ! *Custom*, Foe to *Widows* young !



*Alone*, thus sigh'd she for Relief;  
 In *Publick*, counterfeited Grief:  
 Or, if she griev'd indeed, 'tis clear,  
 It could be only for that Geer,  
 Which, Husband living, was wont most  
 To give her Comfort--- at his Cost.

So (as the Story runs) a *Beau*,  
 (Just like another we all know)  
 Made up Acquaintance--- but the *Means*,  
 Which Fate, as well as th' *End*, ordains,  
 Is not so clearly told--- nor need we  
 Be over curious--- so, proceed we.  
 A Tale--- quoth PRIOR--- short should be,  
 And who cou'd better *tell*, than *He*?

Our *Widow*, deeply skill'd in Letters,  
Follow'd th' Example of her *Betters*.

" Since I--- thought she--- propose no more,

" Than Gods, themselves, have done before,

" Why mayn't I, to attain my End,

" In uncouth Habit, dress my Friend?

" For 'tis not meet he should appear,

" In his own Cloathing, often here.

" He must be chang'd"--- 'Twas quickly done;

For next Night, about setting Sun,

He, well instructed in his Part,

Pretended to the *TINKER*'s Art.

*Love* has been us'd, you see, to plod,

And reach his End, by Methods odd:

For where there's *Stomach* and no *Meat*,

He'll steal, to make his Friends a Treat.

With *Apron, Hammer, Nails, and Copper,*  
 And other *Utenfils* more proper,  
 He knock'd, and call'd, "Ho, who's within?"  
 Then rung the *Tinker's* formal Dinn.  
 The *Porter* view'd his Face so black,  
 And *Leathern Budget* on his Back.  
 Then told the Lady--- she, good Woman!  
 Whose Grief wou'd let her look on no Man,  
 Said, fetch the *Tinker* in, with speed,  
 For of his Craft we have great need.  
 If he be Master of his *Trade,*  
 Our House may help to find him Bread.  
 This said, she sigh'd!--the *Tinker* came,  
 "God save--- quoth he--- my worthy *Dame.*"  
 Your'e welcome, *Tinker,* she reply'd---  
 If to your *Look* your *Skill's* ally'd;



You are a *Tradesman*--- "That I be,

" As you may quickly find---" quoth *He*.

Bring him some Drink, the best we use:

Good Liquor *Tradesmen* ne'er refuse.

" I thank you, *Madam* "--- Now you may

Our *Pots* and *Pans*, at will, survey.

The *Cauldron* broken is, I know;

'Twill cost at least an Hour, or two,

To mend it well--- "But, by your Leave

" One Favour, *Lady*, I must crave: I and

" That, since there's *Secret* in my *Art*,

" Which I'd not willingly impart,

" No *Company* I can allow,

" To *Witness* how I work, but you."

Then to the *Brew-house*, pleas'd, they went---

Let *Virgins* guess with what Intent:

The *Scene* changes to the *Door*,  
My

My *Muse* is modest and discreet !  
She never mentions what's not meet !  
Of *Baudry* ever most afraid :  
Fy, that ne'er enters in her Head !  
However, as *Tradition* says,  
Our Couple follow'd wicked Ways.  
The *Tinker* by the *Cauldron* Side,  
His *masculine Talents* occupy'd :  
And all the Time he was about it,  
(And here I blush— ye need not doubt it !)  
She thump'd the *Cauldron* with the *Hammer*,  
In *Chorus* joining with his *Rammer*.  
A *Politick*, that none will blame,  
Who practise *Musick*, like that same !

The Scene reacting, o'er and o'er,  
The *Porter* chanc'd to pass the Door,

And

And heard the Noise the *Hammer* made---

The *Trick* ne'er enter'd in his Head !

But, now and then, in Heat of *Play*,

He overheard his *Lady* say ;

Strike on, good *Tinker*, briskly strike,

Your *Cunning* and your *Tools* I like,

Nor is there ere a *Smith*, in Town,

Can boast an *Anvil*, like your own.







A  
S O N G

T O

C E L I A.

I.



Mistake not, CELIA, the Design,  
When I your Worth proclaim,  
Or dedicate a Verse of mine,  
To your distinguish'd Name !

II.

The *Muses* were ordain'd to shew  
The Virtues of your Sex---

A.

Then,

Then, why shou'd what is sung, of you,

Your modest Mind perplex ?

III.

At Thoughts of you, my Muse takes Wing,

My tender Bosom warms---

Indulge me then, with Leave to sing,

Or lay aside your Charms.

IV.

No grateful Answer I desire,

No Favours I implore !


'Tis all I want, or can require,

Allow me to adore.





## Poetick F A I T H.


 E T *Criticks* quarrel with my *Lays*,  
 Let *Envy* strive to blast my *Bays*;

*Malice* to rob my Stock of *Fame*,

And *Fortune* joyn to blot my Name;

Let *Time*, *Oblivion*, and *Disgrace*,

Conspire my *Memory* to raze;

Let all that *is*, and *will be*, join;

Let *Earth* and *Hell* their *Pow'rs* combine;

By STAIR and WALPOLE'S Favour crown'd,

My *Classick* MUSE shall shine renown'd,

When BARDS, *pro Tempore* so fam'd,

With all their *Works*, are dead and damn'd!

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.





## POSTSCRIPT.



Have now made a Collection of my *Poems*, written on various *Occasions* and *Subjects*, at very distant *Times*, in very different *Circumstances*, in no less different *Humours*, and in a *Manner* peculiar to *my self*. On these *Accounts*, they not only claim some *Allowances*, but may also be permitted to pass for *Originals*; but whether as *good* or *bad*, is a Point that I must not pretend to determine. Whatever be their *Quality*, I find my self oblig'd to make an *Apology* to *Subscribers*, for delaying the *Publication* so long. But, that I may not embarrass my self more than is needful, out of several sufficient *Causes* and *Reasons*, I will only mention one, *viz.* I put off *Payment of the Principal*, till I cou'd afford to make it with *Interest*. When they peruse the *Poems* printed in these two *Volumes*, they will find them for the most Part *new*, and, I hope, better worth their *Money* and their *Reading*, than those I was capable of presenting them sooner wou'd have been: At least

I may boast, that the *Paper* and *Print* exceed my *Promise* and their *Expectation*.

BUT I am in more Pain about the *Reputation* and *Success* of my *Muse* in the *World of Readers*, who have not *subscrib'd*. Such are suppos'd to be *Strangers*, or *indifferent Persons*, and therefore more *impartial Judges of Merit* than those, who have been induced, by *Friendship*, *Favour*, or *Interest*, to contribute to my *Encouragement*. *Subscribers* are a Sort of *Friends*, who have voluntarily given me their *Vote* and *Interest* already. *Thankfulness* is all they will expect of me, besides the *Book*: And I shou'd deserve to forfeit their *present Favour*, and *future Indulgence*, if I did not heartily pay them so *just a Tribute*. But nothing less than real *Excellence* can stand the *Test of Time, Truth, and Posterity*. *Strangers* will *damn* or *praise* as they please, without *Regard* either to my *self* or the illustrious *List* that appears on my *Side*. It is not a sufficient *Plea* and *Defence*, that my *Poems* are *Neighbour-like*. The best *Apology* I can make is, perhaps, telling the *World* what I have destroyed: Then may Men be tempted to applaud my *Virtue*, at the same time as they condemn my *Wit*. I confess I have been a great *Sinner* in *Poesie*: Much *fair Paper* have I *blur'd*, since I took to *versifying*, which, I assure the *Readers*, was more by *Chance* than *Design*. But, as I have defil'd much *fair Paper*, so 'tis no less true, that much *foul Paper* have I *burn'd*. It might puzzle a good *Casuis*t to determine whether my *Folly* in writing so much, or my *Discretion*

## P O S T S C R I P T.

*Discretion* in destroying what I have wrote, is greater ! I have even sacrific'd some favourite *Pieces* to the Flames, for Fear of offending the Good, the Great, or the *Weak Ones* of the Earth. I have almost *circumcised others to Death*, to gratify *Persons I was oblig'd to*, in Spite of my own *Judgment and Taste*. I wish I cou'd say, I have not also publish'd *not a few*, which I dislike, out of mere *Ceremony and Compliment* : But, both by what I have *printed, mangled, and destroyed*, the *Revenue* has gain'd considerably. In this Respect, my *private Vices* have turned to *publick Benefits*. Perhaps, if I had delay'd this *Publication* much longer, my *Fame* too had been better secur'd ; for, at the Rate of my late Procedure, I was like to have made away with the whole *Bagatelles of my Brain*. Had I not been engaged by *Honour* to be just to my *Subscribers*, I believe in my Conscience I had not left a *Verse* to rise up in Judgment against me. As Matters are at present, I am almost a *Bankrupt* in PARNASSUS ; for I have scarce sav'd a *Remnant* of my *Poetick Stock*, besides these *Volumes*, which I deliver up as *broken Shopkeepers* serve their *Creditors*, when they pay a *Penny in the Pound* : Like them too, I keep a good *Conscience and Countenance* ; for why shou'd *Breaking* for the Sake of a *safe Reputation* be construed worse in a *Poet*, than *Breaking* for the Sake of his *Family* in a sober *Citizen* of LONDON ?



## POSTSCRIPT.

WHETHER I shall deal more this Way is *doubtful*. I must take Leisure to examine the *World's Pulse*, and my *own*, before I run another *Risque*. *Vanity* and *Conceit*, (whereof I have a Share in common with the whole tuneful Tribe) may perhaps provoke me to *write on*, even in Spite of *Censure* and *Infamy*: But if *Judgment* and *Discretion* ripen with my *Years*, I may get the Better of these *natural Seducements*, or at least learn to bound their *Extravagance*, and employ my *Talent* to better Purpose than I have hitherto done. *Poets* as well as *Patriots* ought to pay their first Regards to Heaven and their Country. Both one and the other shou'd endeavour more to be *useful*, than *entertaining*, to *Society*. One *Virtue* is worth a World of *Wit*. I wou'd glory more in being the *Author* of some noble Action for the *publick Weal*, or of some real good Office to *obscure* or *oppressed Merit*, than in *Volumes of Verse*, and *reversionary Fame*. But, if the Patronage and Encouragement of Persons of all *Ranks* and *Parties*, wherewithal I am honour'd, shou'd ever inspire my *Muse* again, and call forth more *Verses* from my *Poetick Golgotha*, I am resolv'd to devote it, as it shou'd be, to the glorious End above mention'd.

*Judgment,*

## P O S T S C R I P T.

*Judgment*, and *Virtue* bear my soaring Wing,  
While *greater Things* with *greater Force* I sing.  
Henceforth to *Heav'n* and to the *Common Weal*,  
Sacred be all my *Energy* and *Zeal*.  
*God* and our *Country* our whole *Ardour* claim ;  
Who serves these *best*, deserves the *highest Fame*.  
From my *right Hand* and *raptur'd Muse* depart  
The *Gifts of Nature*, and the *Aids of Art*,  
When I to *Vice* an impious *Tribute* pay,  
Or rob fair *Virtue* of its rightful *Lay*.  
But, if a *Verse* has e'er escap'd my *Pen*,  
Blush'd at by *Virgins*, or dislik'd by *Men* ;  
If *Frailty*, *Folly*, *Wickedness*, or *Wit*,  
Hath made the *Muse* a guilty *Line* commit ;  
Be candid, good *Reformers of Mankind*,  
And, while you've *Faults*, to my *Transgressions*

[blind.  
But

## POSTSCRIPT.


But chiefly, Thou, great *Origin of Song*,  
To whom the *Art* and *Artist* both belong;  
Pardon the *Sinner*, and his *Muse* inspire,  
For nobler Subjects, with more *hallow'd Fire*:  
Be thou his *Theme*, his *Patron*, and his *Guide*;  
Approv'd by *Thee*, what boots the *World* beside?  
Whom thou condemn'st, no *finite Power* can praise,  
Nor sink, whom thou dost condescend to raise.

F I N I S.





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